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For Men ISSUE 29

DAVE KOPAY

JOHN DENVER

porn filmmaker

JACK DEVEAU

NEW HAMPSHIRE

the poetic world of
WALT RINDER

SALT LAKE CITY

TIMOTHY BOTTOMS

JOHN RECHY Writes About
THE SEXUAL OUTLAW
with an excerpt from the new book

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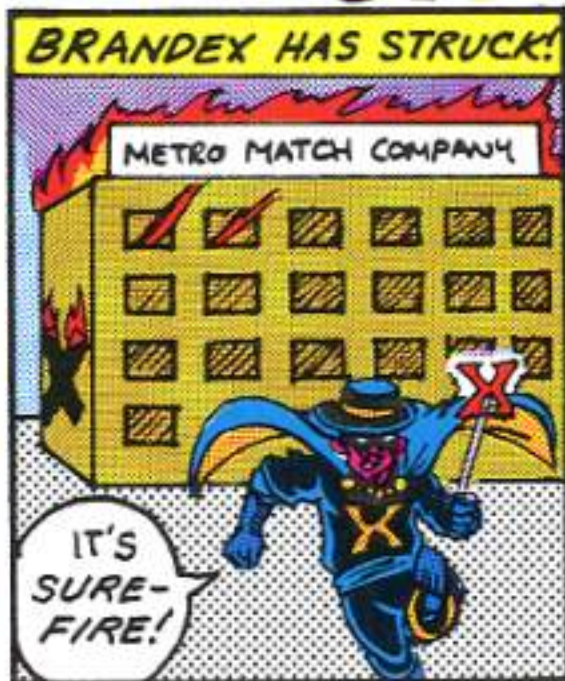
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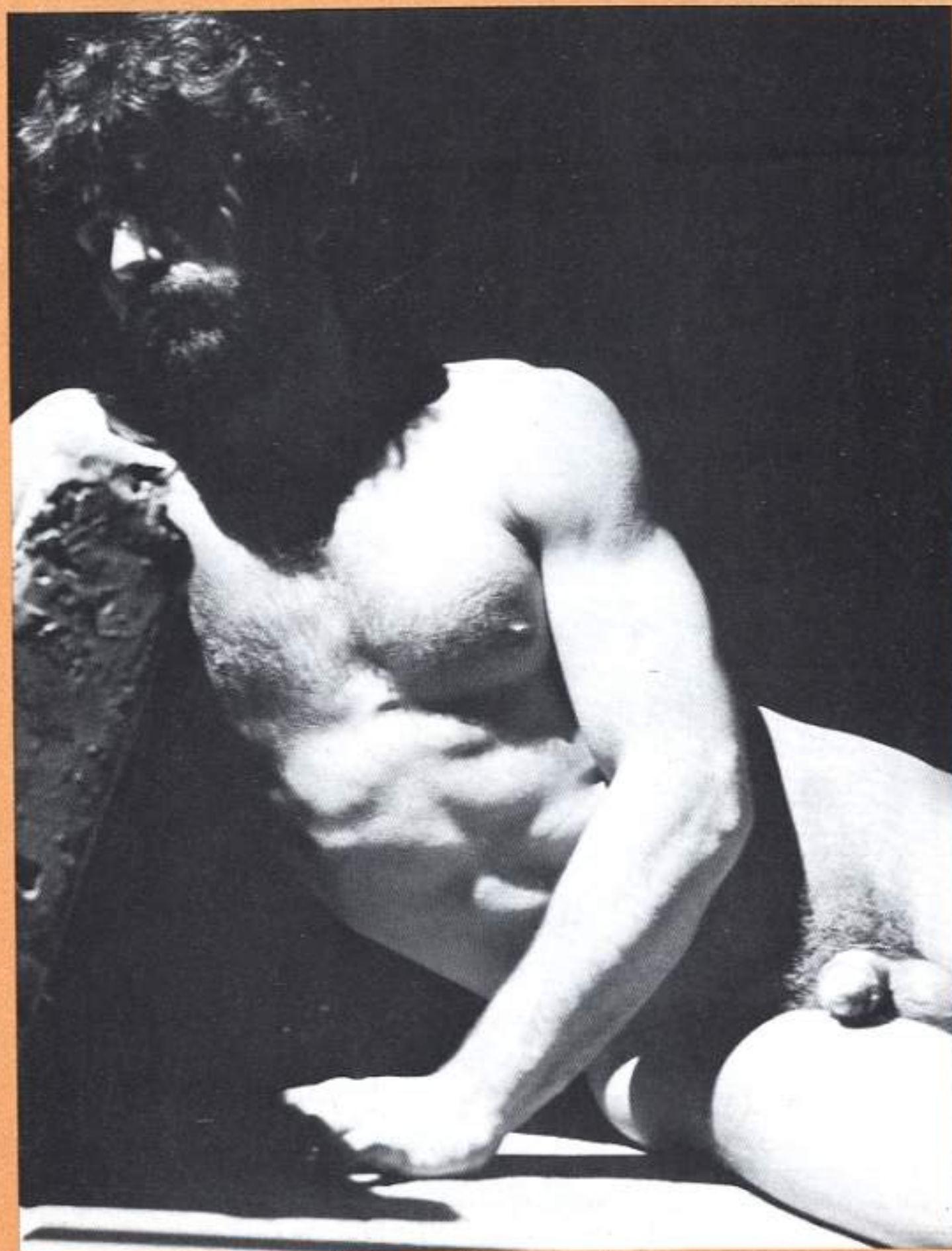
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IN TOUCH

For Men

ISSUE 29



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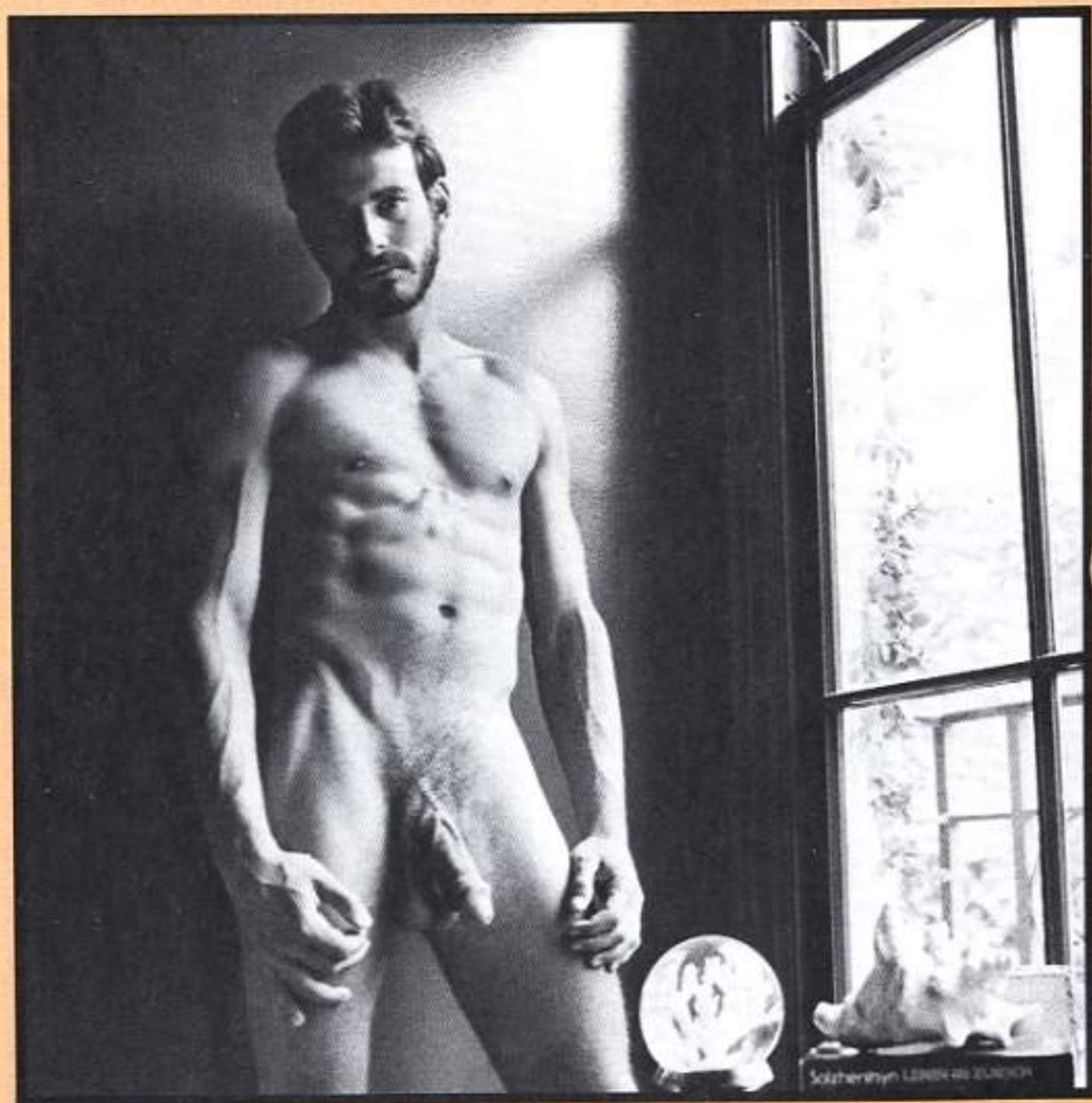
You know, there are lots of magazines for you out there. Some are heavy on lifestyle. Some are heavy on entertainment. Some are heavy on opinion. Some are just heavy. But we've got it all — and more — travel, humor, fiction, people, and nudes. Three of them in each issue — and all of them in living color, including the original male nude centerfold in a publication like ours. We did it first, we've done it longest, and we do it best. But we probably don't have to tell you that. You can see just by looking at this issue why we're the oldest and most respected, and iron-

you'll travel along with him and meet (in words and pictures) some of the most beautiful young men in the country.

Also, for turnons, we interview Jack Deveau, one of the most successful gay porn filmmakers in the business, and picture some of his leading men.

Travel? Try stalking the backwoods of New Hampshire, where there's gay life if you want to find it bad enough, and a tour of Salt Lake City by our new correspondent there, Glen Greene.

For reading, we've got the best for you too — John Rechy writes ex-



Al Parker, this issue's centerfold

ically the fastest growing bi-monthly in the world today. Even charging into our 4th year — the biggest yet.

In this issue we've got it all too. Besides our three hot nudes (front, center and back) we've got more to turn you on if you're into nudes. And who isn't? Walt Rinder, who's one of the best-selling poets around today, offers us enough beautiful words and pictures to show us just why he's one of the best-selling poets around today. If you like what you see, stick with us in '77 — he's going to travel across the U.S. and

clusively for us about his sensational new book, *The Sexual Outlaw*, and we excerpt from the book. And English author Robin Maugham offers us a new short story, "Drums."

Personalities? We've got 'em too. Dave Kopay saved us til last on his cross-country journey plugging his new book — and the former pro-footballer opens up to us. And we profile singer John Denver and actor Timothy Bottoms.

Like we say. We've got it all. And this is only the beginning.

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films

The Late Show is one of the best films I've seen in a long while. It's a terrific edge-of-the-seat murder mystery made all the more terrific by knockout performances by Lily Tomlin and Art Carney as the strangest detective team ever on the screen. There's a great sequence when zany Tomlin guns her van across endless lawns, fences, and parked cars with Carney nearly having a stroke in the passenger seat as they elude the killer. This low-



budget L.A.-set yarn about blackmail, murder and mayhem is the work of Robert Benton (co-writer of *Bonnie & Clyde*), and as his first outing as director, he pulls it off splendidly. It's pure and simple escapist entertainment and a perfect set-up for a sequel again teaming Tomlin and Carney. Warners take note.

—John Roberts

books

Christopher Isherwood's *CHRISTOPHER AND HIS KIND* (Farrar Straus & Giroux, 339 pgs., \$10) flows from a remark the world-famed author made not long back. When he first wrote about the fictional Isherwood's encounter with Sally Bowles (reincarnated from *Berlin Stories* to *I Am A Camera* to *Cabaret*) Chris seemed only passingly interested in homosex-

FILMS & B & ON THE T

uality — in reality his central concern. With his ever-refreshing low-key style, he retraces those Berlin days and other early travels with proper gay focus. This cool, often whimsical book should delight readers whether or not they're already acquainted with Bubi, Francis, Otto, and Spender and Auden. Still, I was hoping for a less casual approach, a bit more of the furnishings and detailed feelings of that past.

THE DAVE KOPAY STORY, co-written with Perry Deane Young (Arbor House, 247 pgs., \$8.95) is distinctly "high-key" — about the running back footballer for the Washington Redskins, San Francisco 49ers and Green Bay Packers, who came out publicly in late 1975. It movingly shows the stereotypes about football jocks are as false as those about gays. From Kopay's fotos I'd regard him as quite alien to me and most of my gay friends, but the book exposes the timidly gay soul hidden under the brawn, and I see myself in his pained coming out. Heartwarming. (*IN TOUCH*'s exclusive interview with Kopay appears in this issue.)

John Rechy's *THE SEXUAL OUTLAW, A Documentary* (Grove Press, 282 pgs., \$8.95) is a multimedia sort of account of 3 days (supposedly) in the sex-packed life of a macho/gay hustler, from a workout in a gym to kaleidoscopic sex under long-gone Venice pier, behind leather bars he doesn't enter, in garages, in Griffith and other parks, interspersed with arguments against sex laws, against leathersex rationale, and advocating public sex as the ultimate in revolutionary defiance. There are charged-up accounts of various LAPD military engagements: Oct. '73 in Griffith Park, Apr. '76 at the Mark IV charity slave auction, and July 4, '76 on Hollywood Blvd. Plenty lusty sex and Rechy's

groupsex manifesto will surely be hotly debated. . . (Rechy writes in this issue, and *IN TOUCH* excerpts from the book.)

Efren Convento Ramirez' *IN PURSUIT OF IMAGES* (Peace & Pieces Foundation, Box 99394, S.F., Ca. 94109, 86 pgs., \$7.50) is a very striking, very San Francisco foto collection: hunky gays on Castro St.; genderfuck drags around town; sacramental jackoffs, tearoom still



In Pursuit of Images

lives, beached nudes and fetching butt shots — backed by Philippine-born Ramirez' poetic interludes.

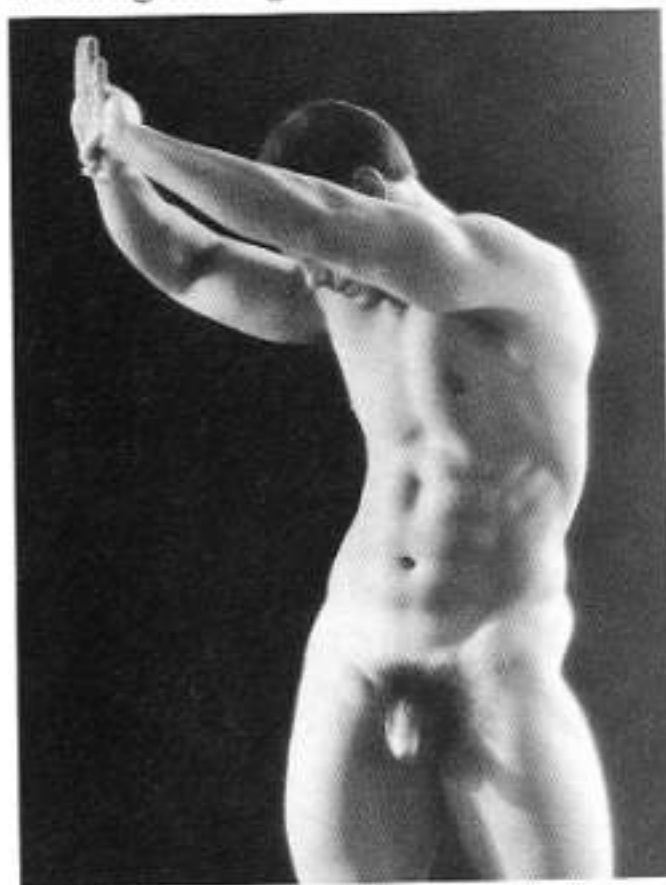
Bullough, Legg, Elcano and Kepner's *ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HOMOSEXUALITY* (Garland, 873 pgs., 2 vols, \$75) — a mismanaged project which turns out surprisingly well, a bibliography with spotty annotations of nearly 13,000 books, articles, poems, etc. on homosexuality and related topics. The topical arrangement confuses. A title index would have been useful, and uncorrected errors abound in Vol. I, es-

BOOKS DOWN

pecially in German language entries. Much could have been added, mostly from post-1965 gay periodicals, but altogether proof that the subject's been treated more extensively and earlier than most would suppose.

Martin Greif's **GAY ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR 1977** (Stein & Day, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y., 10510, \$4.95) is a handsome weekly appointment book with 52 fine illustrations of gay celebrities and notes for most days about gay history. Fine work with few errors (New Orleans' Upstairs Bar fire is 1 day off and it's unproved the fire was set by "disgruntled customers"; also the fabrication that filmstar Ramon Novarro was killed by an art deco phallus given him by Valentino.)

Jim French's **QUORUM** (State of Man, Box 135, N.Y., 10014, \$22.50) is a king among male foto books, fill-



Jim French's **Quorum**

ed with excellent fotos (color and blk. and white) of outstanding models imaginatively posed and photographed. **IN TOUCH** readers will find many old friends here, done with coltish genius — French displays the ability to take models well photographed by others and make

The astonishing sexual odyssey of a pro football player is "a dazzling and wonderful book."

—Merle Miller, author of *Plain Speaking* and *On Being Different*

"David Kopay created a sensation when he revealed the fact of his homosexuality. His totally candid tell-all is a moving human document that takes the lid off a still taboo subject. He writes with sensitivity and depth about his search for sexual identity." —*Publishers Weekly*

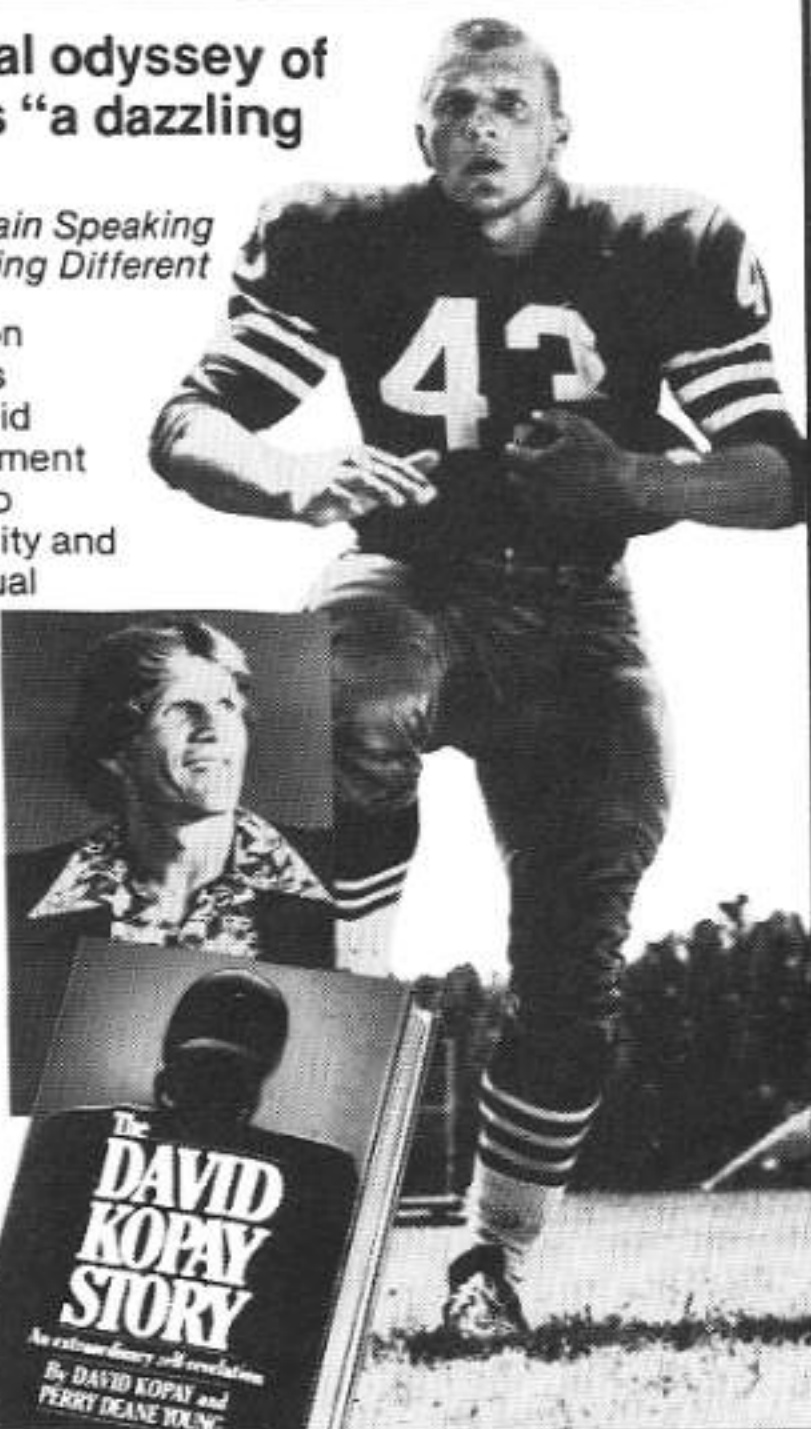
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SPARTACUS 1977 **INTERNATIONAL GAY GUIDE** (Spartacus, Box 3496, Amsterdam - C, Holland, 560 pgs., \$15 postpaid) is the largest and handsomest gay guide yet. Concise text in English, German, French and Spanish. Bars and cruising areas briefly described, with tips on legal status and a few gay organizations. Carefully done and filled with clear maps and scores of lively drawings, but not the book for U.S. info.

Aaron Shurin's **THE NIGHT SUN** (Gay Sunshine Press, Box 40397, S.F., Ca. 94140, 56 pgs., \$2.75) is a beautiful paperback (cover design by Frank Holbrook) of poems by the author of the gaylib classic, "Exorcism of the Straight / Man / Demon," included here. One of the most passionate, most disciplined versifiers of the Stonewall generation, well exemplified by his title piece.

John Mitzel's **MYRA & GORE** (Manifest Destiny, Box 57, Dorchester, MA 02124, 90 pgs., \$2) is a lively explication of Gore Vidal's camp novel, *Myra Breckenridge*, coupled with 3 poems to Myra by John Wieners and the Steven Abbott/Mitzel interview with Vidal reprinted from *Fag Rag*. A high in gay criticism.

BEAUTIFUL MEN by photographer Crawford Barton

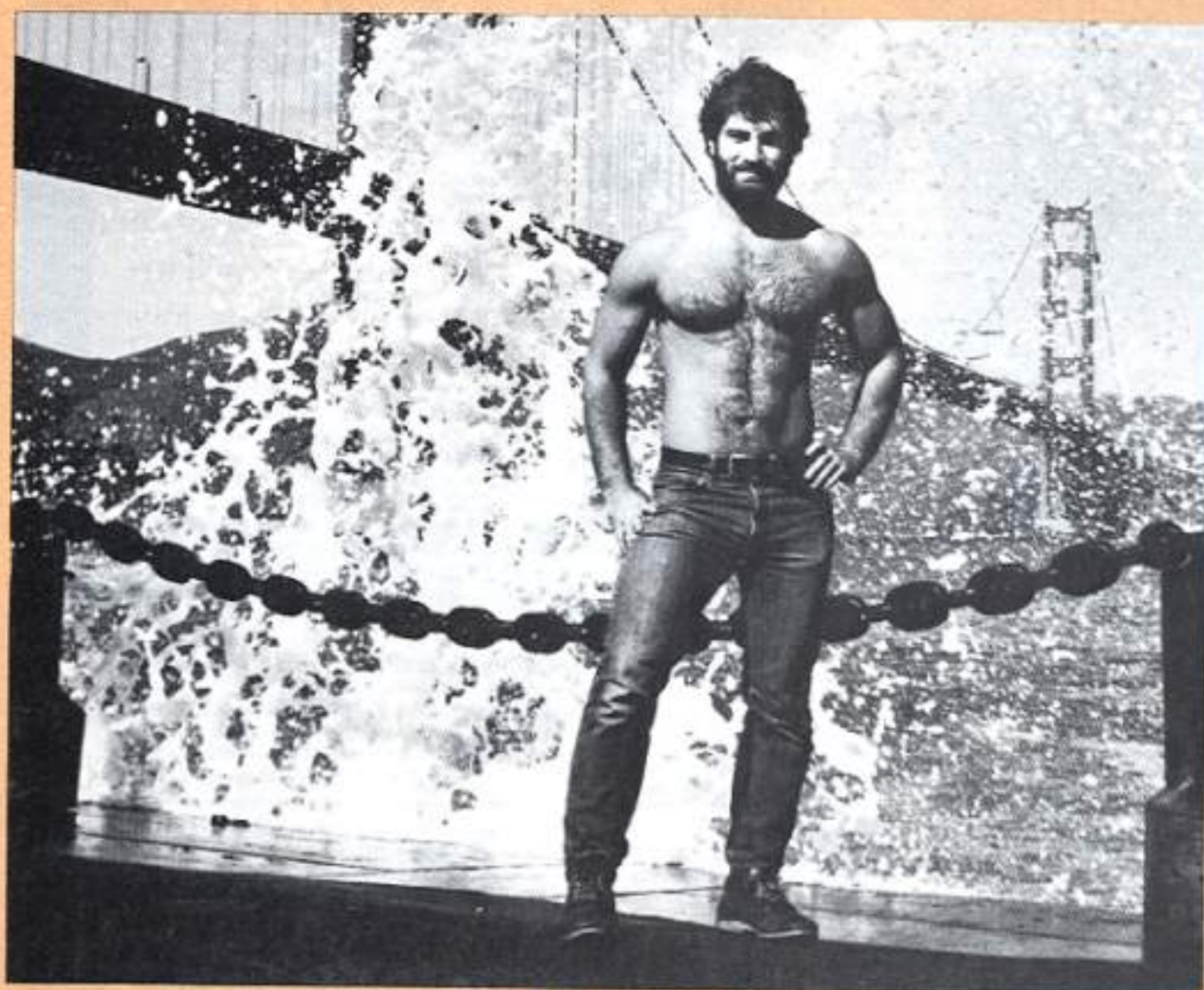
(Liberation Publications, \$15) is a most handsome collection of butch males caught in natural exuberance. Some of the photos are familiar, all are done with warmth and integrity which should make this a favorite among coffeetable items.

THE IRON GAME, by David Carter, is a self-published (Box 972, Venice, Ca. 90291) novel exposing the hypocritical homosex behind the Southern California bodybuilding



David Carter

scene. With a gigantic cast, Carter presents his odyssey in a cinema verite style exemplified by his arrival scene:



Crawford Barton's Beautiful Men

"I got moving with anticipation that this was not happening in California. As I drove across the Mojave Desert I was continually falling, or so it seemed. Several more mountain ranges, all snowcapped, were in my way, and I was now on some freeway, numbered ten, leading west towards Los Angeles. When I got near downtown L.A., and its towering buildings, I did not know which freeway to take. I took a blind choice, and with a quick lane change, was on a freeway numbered 101, heading toward Hollywood. I got off on a street in downtown L.A. because I needed a workout before I did anything. I walked around downtown L.A. with my gym bag, looking for a Y.M.C.A. to train."

I generally shun "how to make love" books, with their placebo advice, but 3 recent ones are quite good: Don Clark is a clinical psychologist, openly gay for 7 years. His **LOVING SOMEONE GAY** (Celestial Arts, 231 Adrian Rd., Millbrae, Ca. 94030, 194 pgs., \$4.95) is a solid paperback for gays who need a further shot of pride and to friends and relatives who might assist them. Without prurience it avoids latinate terminology, calling a cock a cock. **MEN LOVING MEN** by Mitch Walker (Gay Sunshine Press, Box 40397, S.F., Ca. 94140, 160 pgs., \$5.95) is a larger paperback with hip fotos, drawings, and historic graphics on gay lovemaking. The text is more history-oriented and brief on technique but a bit more daring. Mark Freedman (recently deceased) and Harvey Mayes' **LOVING MAN** (Hark Publishers, Box 431, N.Y., 10024, 132 pgs., \$11.95) is most detailed on technique, with fotos — but personally I'm glad I didn't have a book telling me how to place my feet the first time I got fucked. Experiment is half the fun. . . .

David Gerrold's compelling **MOONSTAR ODYSSEY** (Signet, 159 pgs., \$1.50) portrays a watery world where basic identity is seen as female, individual gender notwithstanding. Jobe, a new kind of deviant, upsets that balance in a strongly poetic story of abiding philosophic interest to gays — but readers unused to the specialized languages of good sci-fi may get lost.

—Jim Kepner

(continued on page 8)

the pleasure of polk street

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boston

Every so often, the politicians and cops here raise their brutish cries against the well-ordered and picturesque sleaze of the Combat Zone (Boston's red-light dist.), running lengthwise between the legit theatres and Chinatown.

The recent crackdown had already begun when 2 Harvard football players were robbed and mauled; one subsequently died. A cleanup

was demanded, but the operation was immediately complicated by a police commission report of widespread bribery and corruption in the district encompassing the Combat Zone. As if this weren't enough, a policeman died of heart seizure after an off-duty fist fight in a tiny shop catering to the late nite needs of pimps and hookers. With the realization that plenty of influential and highly respected pockets would be hurt by any effective cleansing of the area, the authorities decided on a symbolic action: Closing the 2 O'Clock Lounge, best-known strip joint in town.

The issue's confused, and of interest to gay men because of the loca-

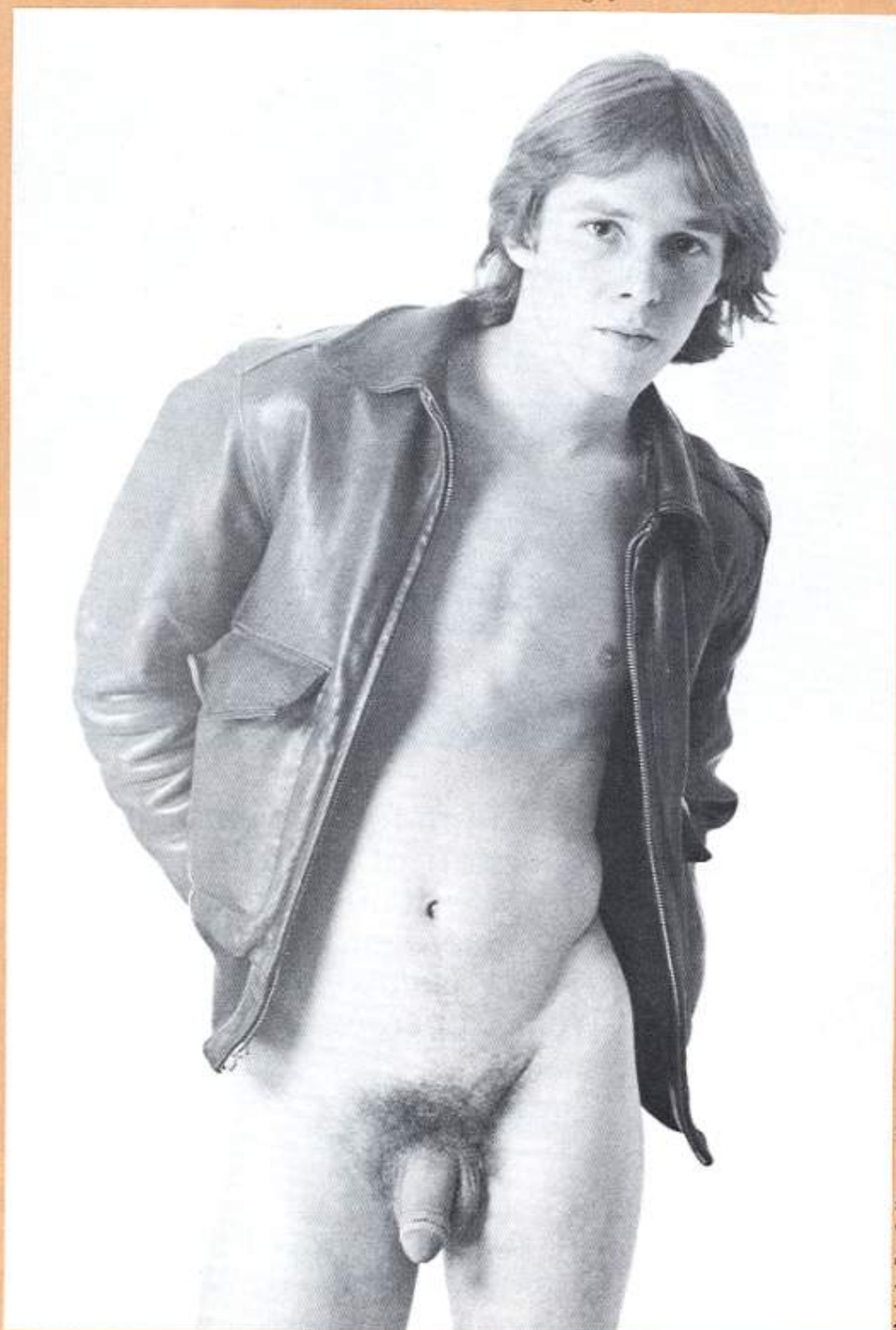


Photo by Don C. Hanover III

tion of friendly bars and the Club Baths in the area. Police appear unpredictably in Herbie's Ramrod Room and 12 Carver, enforcing crowd limits, and checking the restrooms; and the same's true in other bars to a lesser extent. The selection of gay mags in the bookshops has suddenly reverted to the crew-cut, tattooed sailors of 20 years ago, but this may have been a muddle-headed concession on the part of nervous managements, rather than by demands of police.

The Club Baths have undergone constant improvement, under the expert management of George Ames. Boston's Art Karopoulos was named Mr. Club Baths International (*IN TOUCH* No. 28) and Ames has put together a Club Baths calendar. It comes a little late for the new year, but no harm for an occasional summer glance at Mr. Feb. But recently some "nuisance" raids have disturbed the towed clientele: the police walk thru; sheepish or giggling, and depart, without arrests or citations.

Despite the pressure and impression of a dangerous location (a false impression, as the well-lighted and well-patrolled streets of the Combat Zone are safer than certain dim and gloomy, tho more respectable areas of Beacon Hill and Back Bay), the Club Baths is more popular than ever.

It's worth noting that this commotion centering on the principally straight topics of female prostitution and strip joints have important implications for gays. With this in mind, the gay managements of the Powderhorn and Somewhere hosted benefits for PUMA, the local group for rights of prostitutes. This sponsorship seemed a little strange to outsiders, but made good sense to the gay community, who see in the legal plights of prostitutes, a situation like their own.

Don Hanover III, one of Boston's most popular photogs for 2 years, has a style that's immediately recognizable. He can take the tough, the raw, and hard-assed, and make them (with the whirr of the shutter) candid and vulnerable. The young men that Hanover shoots may be wide-eyed and young, but they're never entirely innocent.

Boston's B.O.S. Gallery is exhibiting Hanover's photos thru April 30 at 259 Newbury Street.

—Joseph Cain

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los angeles

Recently L.A. has gained a new legit house and lost one of the older, established theatres. The gain is the Pantages, a beautifully ornate monument to 1930s Hollywood. It was a movie house in recent years and the home of the Oscars from 1950 to 1960. Now, impresario James Nederlander has taken it over for legit productions and, in doing so, has gotten himself a strong theatrical base in So. Calif.



Mike Leber (center) won the Mr. World-Wide Nude contest in Hollywood. On left is runner-up Peter Scott and on right is audience favorite Danny Delaney, former *IN TOUCH* coverman/centerfold (Issue #20). Leber was sponsored by L.A.'s *Newswest*, Scott by Sunset Strip Tattoo Studio, and Delaney by Christopher St. West.

It's too bad the 1st show has to be "Bubbling Brown Sugar." It wasn't very good in N.Y. and the road co. is worse, except for Vivian Reed, who was wisely brought out from the Broadway co. But it takes more than 2 good numbers ("Sweet Georgia Brown" and "God Bless the Child") to make a musical. A better title is "Bubbling Brown Saccharin." In large doses it, too, might give rats cancer.

The loss was the Las Palmas, destroyed by fire in March. One of Hollywood's few medium-sized houses (360 seats), it had a colorful history back to the 1950s, when Carol Channing emerged there in "Lend An Ear" and Billy Barnes

used it for several revues. Edith O'Hara recently saved the theatre from porn pics, to produce the West Coast co. of her N.Y. hit "Boy Meets Boy." It had a healthy run and then O'Hara began the Lyric Repertory co. to present several productions as well as book shows.

At the time of the fire, the fare included George Birimisa's "Pogey Bait," an interesting World War II-set "memory-type" drama of a gay sailor's love for one of his ship's officers and what he goes thru to protect his lover.

Interestingly — but not related to the fire — the last event at the Las

Palmas was Pat Rocco's SPREE 2nd annual Mr. World-Wide Nude contest (see pic).

Filmex, headed by Gary Essert and Gary Abrahams, provided a wide variety of cinematic fare — with an emphasis on new, meritable foreign films — at the Century Plaza Theatres in March. Highlights were a series of original films and their remakes and a 54-hr. movie musical marathon.

Linda Hopkins brought Bessie Smith back to town for a 3rd visit, this time at the Huntington Hartford Theatre. These two talents blend wonderfully in "Me and Bessie," which still offers a warm and rousing evening.

Deborah Kerr shone and Charlton Heston managed fairly well in Robert Fryer's production of Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" at the Ahmanson Theatre. Director Peter Wood's carefully-cut version was well-paced and lucid, if somewhat shallow. Most of the local critics really raked it over the coals, tho.

The *Los Angeles Times* critic also killed Tennessee Williams' new work, "Two Character Play," an extensive rewrite of his "Out Cry." It's too bad the production couldn't survive that one pan (others were mostly favorable) as it's a fascinating, poetic and highly personal study of fear. It's one of the best Williams has written in years, and proves that he still has a fertile and marvelously imaginative mind. The opening nite audience included Gore Vidal, Christopher Isherwood, Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood and Michael York (who starred in "Out Cry").

—Ron Englert

chicago

No bar within memory has gone thru as many clientele changes as Dingbat's. Last fall, it converted from a straight club to a gay disco. Things didn't gel, and it began catering "to everyone," according to the mngt.

This winter, it has since turned into a straight, black club with a sky-high cover. Radio commercials say, "Women: if you're looking for someone tall, dark and handsome, he's at Dingbat's." He may be black, but he's not gay.

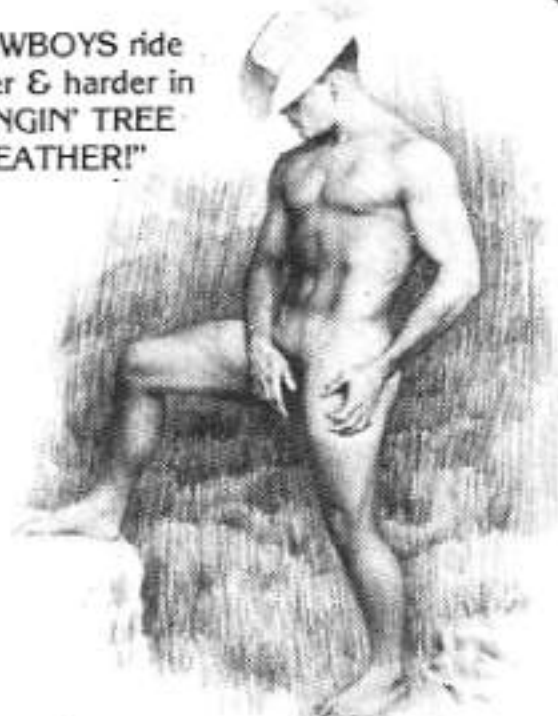
The Ivanhoe theatre-restaurant reopened last fall after a year's vacancy. Melissa Manchester, Melba Moore and Gotham were there recently. But the complex has suffered hard times. Finances have reportedly been the major problem, with many performers mysteriously walking before their gigs end. It temporarily closed when a fire demolished the restaurant but the cabaret has since reopened. Its future is somewhat shaky.

Many smaller bars remain popular, like the Bushes, with such novel ideas as a "Winter White Sale," with cheap drinks.

Beefcake contests are hot now. Most bars right now are parading their hunks to choose entrants for the Mr. Windy City contest set for May.

Photo by Charles Adams

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Chicago's New Town adult
bookshops, notorious playgrounds,
are getting police harassment and
the movie booths are empty.

Chicago's ultimate disco, the
Bistro, had another interior facelift.
The front lounge now has eclectic art
deco wall graphics and the booths
are gone. Spacious carpeted seating
tiers are in their place. Despite the
winter's arctic weather, the crowds
were pleasantly huge and will
probably continue their love affair
this spring.

—Bill Lumen

washington, d.c.

Arena Stage has mounted the
definitive version of Lil-
lian Hellman's "The Autumn
Garden," a bittersweet play about
the inexorability of time and passing
of lives. Life is fleeting, says
Hellman in this haunting script, and
human consciousness is dim. Not a
very palatable sermon, but
Hellman's skill and deep human em-
pathy make it so.

Hystrionic honesty was the
hallmark of this muted, almost
breathless production. Almost every
performance was real. No small
directorial feat, for many of these
same actors are given to seeking easy
solutions and using bare technic to
solve their acting problems. But not
this time.

At the Eisenhower, Tom Stop-
pard's "Travesties" proved worthy
of its title! Stoppard's only bad play,
it is too long, too cluttered, too
wordy (even for this brilliant
wordsmith). The acting was stagey,
gimmicky, self-conscious and irrele-
vent. The direction was non-existent
and the design was all show and no
function.

The New Playwright's Theatre
premiered "Fox Against The
Fence," a pair of 1-acts by John
Sedlack — one dreadful, one
dynamite. The 1st, after which the 2
are titled, was a mish-mash of black
stereotyping which proved odious
from a social consciousness view-
point and confusing from a dramatic
slant. But the 2nd piece, "Gus And
Company" was an acutely humorous
portrait of a company of unemployed
actors serving as an apt metaphor for
men against society. The play is a
prizewinning work.

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New Playwright's has had a recent stroke of success: Joseph Papp, founder of N.Y.'s Public Theatre, visited to have a look at "Hagar's Children," and decided immediately to take the production to N.Y., cast and director intact.

University theatres here often do formidable work. George Washington University is a good example. Two recent productions, Brecht's "The Good Woman Of Setzuan" and Shakespeare's "Richard II" illustrated the school's excellent technical facilities and the immense talent of technical faculty and students. MFA candidate, Chip Balling's design for "Good Woman" was exciting and stimulating to the action of the play. Paul Parady's costumes for "Richard" were so elaborate they overshadowed the action and the stark, multi-levelled set. The direction seemed in conflict with the tenet, "less is more."

—Frank Akers

miami

"Let My People Come" opened at The Copa Cabaret, a tropical disco a few miles north of here in Dania, Fla. The sexual musical was produced by Brian C. Smith and Phil Oesterman with many of the Broadway cast recreating their original roles. The Copa is a gay club, but now all kinds of people are coming, making it quite a place for a night of fun.

The cast is handsome and there are some great bods. Dean Tait, who's been in Mr. America competition, is a blond bodybuilder you can't miss as he dances and sings nude across the stage.

Key West, just 3 hours and 42 bridges south of Miami, is fast becoming a weekend retreat for gays of South Florida and there are many hotels and motels now catering to the guys. One of the great attractions is the new Club Key West (621 Truman Ave.), located in a motel and part of the Club Bath Chain, run by Dennis Franklin Bitner. It's a branch of the beautiful Club Miami.

Cruising abounds in Key West, a pretty liberal city. On weekends there are sailors on leave, and I'm told that one can meet them, but caution is advised at nite on the beachfront. Lots of rough trade, plus
(continued on page 86)

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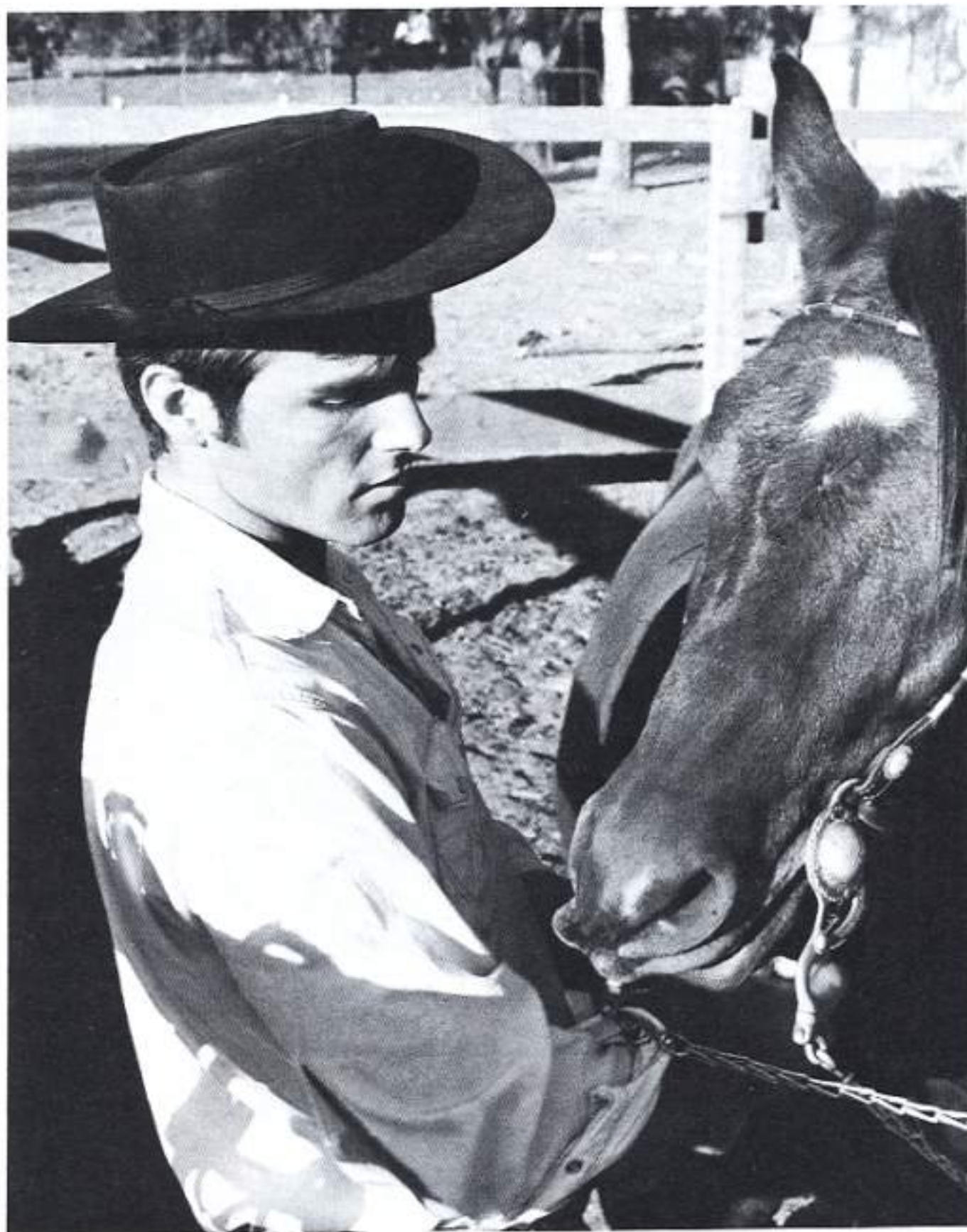
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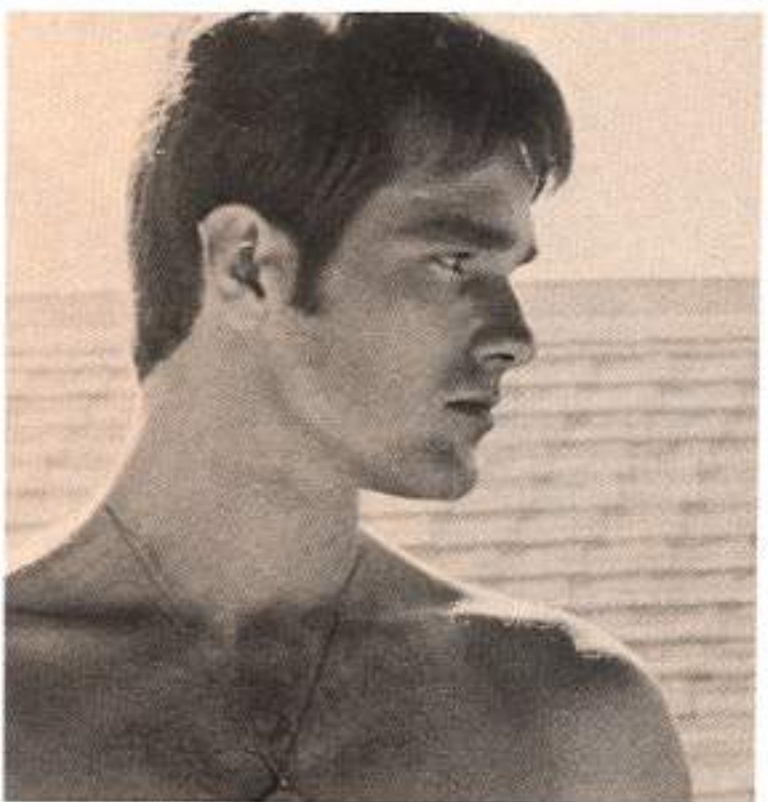
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The RANCH HAND

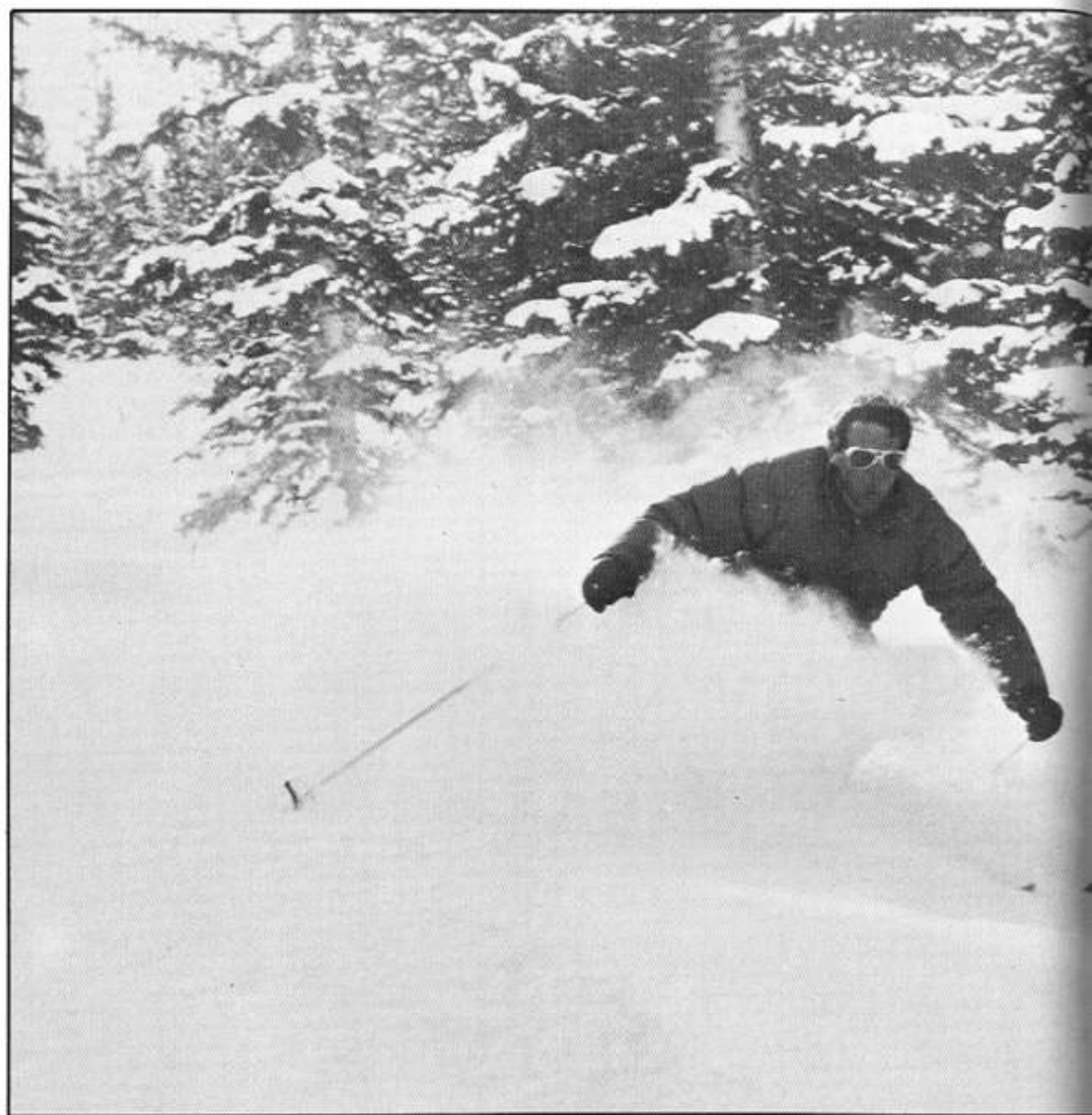
Don Byrd. He's at home on the ranch as he is anywhere else, thanks to an unsheltered life and a family as big as all get-out. Twelve brothers and sisters. A Capricorn (he just turned 25) true to his sign and therefore a constant student of himself. "I've been exposed to many different people . . . I've traveled a lot and seen a lot and I'm anxious to see more of life." No doubt he will in his quest for a career as an actor. "With a little faith I shall," he says confidently. "My motto for a whole person is: To have faith in God, know yourself, where you came from, and what you want to be, and be it."





A gay psychologist en route to a new job in San Francisco said "Salt Lake City is the gayest city I've seen between here and Miami. Gay people are everywhere." He'd been taking his time to get to S.F. and stopped in all the major cities along the way. His observation surprised Salt Lake gays. Yet it's true. Salt Lake is very gay despite a very repressive local power structure.

The most important force which oppresses the gay community in Salt Lake is, of course, the one, the only, the omniscient, the omnipresent, the omnipotent Mormon Church. According to the Mormon Church, homosexuality is a sin second only to murder. When Mormon officials learn that one of their members is gay, they make him see a psychiatrist for "repentance therapy" or be excommunicated. The treatment frequently includes shock therapy and orthodox Mormon psychiatrists who are (naturally) also priests give the treatment. The Church claims that homosexuality can be cured, and it's rumored that it has dossiers on more than 5,000 "cured" gays. During 1977, the Church announced it was going to wage total war against homosexuality, since Mormon officials believe that it's the most serious moral problem in their Church and in Utah today.



SALT LAKE CITY

By GLENN GREENE

It may not be mecca, but there's hope yet.

Let's face it, Salt Lake City is not a destination for many. It's a stopping-off place for people on their way to more sophisticated environments in S.F., L.A., Las Vegas, Denver, N.Y. They must stop here since it's the only large city 500 miles in any direction and truly is the "crossroads of the West." You might as well be going elsewhere because Utahns (the standard brand) prefer to keep "outsiders" out. However, outsiders sometimes do get stuck in Salt Lake. So what to do?

In spite of the repression, gays do meet each other here.

The oldest club here is the Radio City Lounge on State Street. It's small and cozy, with a tiny dancefloor, a pool table and a jukebox. The crowd varies from

superswish to ultrabutch, from middleage leisure suit to Montana cowboy.

Recently, a former disc jockey who had come out publicly on his radio program opened the Sun Tavern disco across from Union Pacific's depot. Very spacious, with a fairly large dancefloor packed from 10 p.m. until 1 a.m. closing. Many straight couples come to dance. It's said to be the liveliest bar in town. On weekends it overflows into the streets and onto the enclosed patio. It attracts a young, hip crowd, and the management tries to keep straights out. But a totally gay crowd is impossible because of its popularity.

The Rusty Bell is another bar in the west end of town which opens and closes periodically. When it

became a private club, it fizzled. Its present fate is unknown.

Some restaurants have become hang-outs for gays. These include Little American Coffee Shop on Main St., Village Inn on 4th So. and Jacob's Mill on State St. The Saloon restaurant, which was part of the Sun Tavern cluster, changed hands often and finally disappeared. Its premises are now part of the immense Sun Tavern.

The gay community is beginning to organize. We Utahns are usually several years behind the rest of the country. The Gay Community Services Center has become the Gay Services Coalition and coordinates all gay organizations — the bars, the baths, Metropolitan Community Church, Grace Christian Church,



Skiing at Snowbird



The Mormon Temple

Gay Hot Line, *The Open Door* (Salt Lake's gay newsletter) and the Gay Students Union of the University of Utah.

Grace Christian Church and Metropolitan Community Church meet the needs of gays who wish to juggle their gayness with Christianity. Grace Christian is very small and holds services in a remodeled old house. The larger MCC holds services in an old church which, ironically, used to belong to the Mormons. Lesbians are pastors of both churches.

There's also the Gay Consciousness Raising Group, first sponsored by the Campus Christian Center on the University campus. It's now under the auspices of the Gay Students Union. Founded by a psychologist and gay activist, it's a forum for problems and joys for some 60 gays who meet every Monday night at the University of Utah. The group's split into five specialized discussion groups, two dealing with personal matters, one helping gays work out religious concerns, one involved with feelings and emotions and one dealing with politics, civil rights, activism. Visitors are welcomed enthusiastically. We Utah gays like outsiders since we're outsiders ourselves.

Some of the most interesting gay events happen when a group decides to do something fun and invite everyone. Last summer, the Gay Community Services Center and the bars held three beer busts in City Creek Canyon for some 500 gays. A group of gay businessmen well-integrated into the Utah power structure sponsored such gay films as *The Boys in the Band*, *Fortune and Men's Eyes* and *A Very Natural Thing* after midnight at an exclusive theater. Even the European Health Spa gave a party for gay men to recruit members. All these activities were announced in the bars. Another continuing source of information is the Gay Hot Line (533-0927).

Salt Lake City. The Mormon Church is here all right. But then so are we.

E.M. FORSTER

By ROBERT K. MARTIN



Illustration by M. Hart

Friendship — so strong it is and fragile . . . Nature has no use for us. She has cut her stuff differently . . . a few verses of poetry is all that survives of David and Jonathan . . . He wished there was a society, a kind of friendship office, where the marriage of true minds could be registered.

The Longest Journey

In 1911, after he had written 4 of the five novels published during his lifetime, E. M. Forster confided to his diary the reason for his unwillingness to continue publishing fiction: "weariness of the only subject that I both can and may treat — the love of men for women and vice versa." Forster was recording both the impossibility of publishing work with a homosexual theme and the difficulty of writing it. He felt himself up against not only the taboos of the marketplace, but the lack of a tradition which could provide him a form and a context for fiction that would treat Forster's own theme, the love of one man for another.

Forster continued to write in both veins, though. His *Passage to India*, now frequently considered his greatest achievement, was published in 1927. And, despite burning a number of "indecent writings" in 1922, Forster continued to work almost until his death in 1970 on revisions to his novel of homosexual love *Maurice* and the stories collected in *The Life to Come*, most of which are also homosexual in theme.

The two books published after his death attracted a great deal of attention, but mostly in the wrong way, as they were considered literary curiosities, works that ought probably not to have been published, and in any case works significantly inferior to the serious "straight" novels on which Forster's fame rested. In fact, however, it can be shown that there is a continuity in theme which runs throughout Forster's work, making it a coherent body and a consistent statement of a homosexual point of view.

The first, most important theme in Forster is an opposition established between British lifelessness, propriety, and decorum and Italian or Mediterranean enthusiasm, intuitiveness, and joy. This theme is a characteristic of late 19th and early 20th century literature, particularly by gays, for it could not escape them that the Mediterranean cultures had a much greater sense of openness to life than the Anglo-Saxon cultures. One can find versions of the theme in Henry James, for instance, or in D. H. Lawrence, or in its most memorable version, in Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* (for Mann, of course, Prussia is the spiritual equivalent of England). While it would be reductive to suggest that the theme of the discovery of Mediterranean sensuality equals the theme of homosexuality, it must be remembered that the two were closely connected. While it is true that Victorian England repressed virtually all sexuality, homosexuality was always more repressed than

heterosexuality. And the relatively inferior status of women in most Mediterranean societies made certain forms of homosexuality both common and permissible.

In Forster the theme is first seen in his novel *Where Angels Fear to Tread*, as Lilia, an English widow of 33, leaves her respectable family behind in England to marry a 21-year-old Italian dentist, Gino. The shocked family sends out an ambassador to retrieve her, a bloodless shadow of a man. But Lilia dies in childbirth, cruelly treated by her primitive, almost animalistic husband, and Philip and the others in the English group attempt to reclaim the child and raise it "properly." The theme is Jamesian, of course, but the treatment is comic. The baby is killed in a magnificent mock-heroic or comic opera scene, but both Philip and Lilia's former chaperone, Caroline, are significantly altered by their experience, and specifically by the figure of Gino. Caroline announces to Philip "I love him . . . I mean it crudely . . . because he's handsome, that's been enough." Although they return to England, Caroline's epiphany will remain with her; she is changed forever by her vision of the handsome Gino, and she alone seems to understand what had happened to Lilia.

Forster returned to this theme in *A Room With a View*, set partly in Florence. Here again the subject is the ecstatic vision of manhood, and the effect that that vision can have upon an apparently settled, conventional existence. Lucy Honeychurch, a proper English heroine, is in Italy seeking to acquire culture, but in fact she acquires life. Her first vision comes rather comically when she asks the coachman for directions to the clergymen, mistranslating "Dove buoni uomini?" She is directed to sexy young George Emerson whom she finds in the midst of an extraordinary bower of bliss: "He contemplated her, as one who had fallen out of heaven. He saw radiant joy in her face, he saw the flowers beat against her dress in blue waves. The bushes above them closed. He stepped quickly forward and kissed her." This is the first stage in her transformation. The second occurs back in England when she again encounters George, this time on his way

back from a dip in the pond: "Barefoot, bare-chested, radiant and personable against the shadowy woods, he called 'Hullo, Miss Honeychurch! Hullo!'" The social comedy is marvellous — polite young gentlemen do not speak to polite young ladies while half-naked. But again Forster is insisting, although through a heterosexual formula, on the need for the body as well as the soul: "It had been a call to the blood and to the relaxed will, a passing benediction whose influence did not pass, a holiness, a spell, a momentary chalice for youth."

In many of Forster's short stories, the role of George is taken by a figure of Pan or Hermes (the same role played by Tadzio in *Death in Venice*) who escorts the narrator to the "other kingdom," a pagan world

"He snuggled close, more awake than he pretended, warm, sinewy, happy. Happiness overwhelmed Maurice too. He moved, felt the answering grip, and forgot what he wanted to say."

associated with freedom and sensuality. These stories are fantasies of the escape to a world of child-like innocence (the most popular version of this myth is *Peter Pan*), frequently identified with ancient Greece. By this time most educated people knew that homosexual relationships had been the norm in Greek society, and so the very mention of things Greek could be a kind of code reference to homosexuality, as in the Hellenism of *Dorian Gray*. For Forster the point was always the need to move from being a tourist who looks at another country without understanding it or participating in it to being a citizen of that other country, to becoming an active participant. Thus he constantly mocked the English tourists, who brought their English values with them wherever they went and never saw the real Greece or the real Italy. But his deepest characters always responded, sometimes belatedly, to

the passion they saw and yearned to experience. Miss Ruby in "The Eternal Moment" returns to the Italian town where she had had an offer of love 20 years before from the concierge, and thinks of her experience: "There was more reality in it than in all the years of success and varied achievement which had followed, and which it had rendered possible. For all her correct behavior and lady-like display, she had been in love with Feo, and she had never loved so greatly again. A presumptuous boy had taken her to the gates of heaven, and, though she would not enter with him, the eternal remembrance of this vision had made life seem endurable and good." Love is finally more important than success, and the claims of passion greater than those of reason. Forster was building up the arguments for the meaningfulness of love whenever or however found (as here, the lover is usually separated from the beloved by class as well as by nationality), an essential part of the movement toward the validation of homosexual love.

The most complex treatment of the "international" theme in Forster's work comes in his novel, *A Passage to India* (published in 1927). The title of this work comes from Whitman's poem of the same name. Forster probably knew Whitman's work in part through his friendship with Edward Carpenter, the English poet and critic whose books on homosexuality were among the first treatments in England of this subject and who thought of himself as a disciple of the American poet of the love of comrades. Whitman's ecstatic poem called for a fulfilment of his vision of human brotherhood, of the reconciliation of man and nature, and of the final meeting with "the Comrade perfect." In his vision of Columbus' long circumnavigation of the world, a return to "reason's early paradise . . . to innocent institutions," Whitman imagined a completion of the circle, a coming together of all separate things, a triumphant meeting in love:

As fill'd with friendship, love complete, the Elder Brother found, The Younger melts in fondness in his arms.

Forster played off this theme
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THE SEXUAL OUTLAW

A Documentary by

JOHN RECHY

author of City of Night

SEXUAL OUTLAW JOHN RECHY

Soon after my first novel, *City of Night*, came out, a publisher bidding for foreign rights praised it but admitted that he'd been disappointed because it wasn't "the definitive homosexual novel" he'd expected. Years later, I was speaking to a group of gays and I said that I'd just completed a script of *City of Night*, updated to the present. "I hope," said a man testily, "that the film won't present the same ugly, sad picture of gay life which your book does."

Both cases show how naive we still can be about "the gay world." The straight world still expects that there is one, single, definitive "gay experience" (would one rationally expect anyone to write "the" definitive heterosexual novel!), and some gays still bristle when a picture of the gay world appears that seems to them "unflattering." Well, "gay" is not one experience; it is many — ranging the full spectrum from beautiful to ugly.

The Sexual Outlaw is my first overtly non-fiction book; I call it "a documentary." It is not, nor is it meant to be, a definitive picture of the gay world. To the contrary, it deals with a small segment of it — the world of the promiscuous homosexual, who cruises parks, streets, alleys, the figure I define as the freedom fighter of the sexual wars.

I have written about 3 days and nights in the life of such a gay outlaw, a sometime male hustler. In doing so, I depict the extravagant joy, freedom, and beauty of sex-cruising — the balletically choreographed, symphonic sexhunt, full of ritual and mystery. I also convey its shattering aspects when the sexhunt becomes dehumanized, brutal, raw.

I'm braced for hostility from a segment of the straight world which may find this vision of freedom threatening to its own sexually narrow boundaries. I'm braced for hostility also from some gays who wallow in the "new closetry" — the need to insist that everything is fine with the gay world — despite massive busts threatening us constantly from without and an increasing de-individualization threatening us from within.

For too long we have been victims of psychologists and sociologists, who reduce us to percentages and graphs. We are not that. We are the sum total of many individual human ex-

periences. In *The Sexual Outlaw* I have conveyed one such experience; and the segment that follows here indicates some of the duality of that outlaw experience (in this instance, hustling), both the sublime joy and the questioning terror of the sexhunt.

From "The Sexual Outlaw" by John Rechy. © 1977 by John Rechy. Published by Grove Press. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

7:16 P.M. Hollywood Boulevard. Selma.

He ate in a restaurant. He sat moodily alone.

Suddenly, he needs to hustle, or merely to be offered sexmoney, whether or not he actually goes. Perhaps he'll just walk those streets, storing admiration, to answer the hideous questioning that erupts in the still times, cold islands of no action; storing remarks and solicitations to be called forth when desolation freezes despite the stunning triumphs. He remembers one night when no connection worked — a desolate night which still wounds him and by which he measures the terror of others. The questioning horror burst when a beautiful youngman who had been cruising him broke the standstill between them by moving off with someone else. Jim was left alone on the street in terror. It was the very next day that, counting rigorously, he made it with 22 people in one afternoon in Griffith Park, not once coming, not once reciprocating, determined to cancel out — which he didn't and still cannot — that arid night.

Hollywood Boulevard. The hot, still night is inviting tribes of hunters to the grimy street.

Past warm, inviting glances, Jim turns off the boulevard, to Selma. He loves this ugly street. Each time he enters it, the awareness that he continues to thrive on it years after others would be through, washes him anew with sensational pleasure. Although when he first returned—

FLASHBACK: Selma. Nine Years Ago.

After moody years of seclusion, away from the streets and Los Angeles, experiencing, deliberately alone, the transition from youngman to man, working out compulsively, changing the tightly slender kid he had been to the muscular man he would become, not realizing that he

was preparing his return, challenging time, the enemy of his breed of outlaw: his shirt open — and later he would leave it off entirely on warm days, nights — he returned to Selma. Despite his mirror's approval, he felt terror. This was the street where he would pass or fail the exacting test — the selling again of his body. Not quite dark yet, the night lurked within the smog. He saw the others on this street, the very young hustlers, careless in their tacky beautiful youth. . . .

An obvious sexbuyer, man in a new long car was already cruising him. Yes! Jim felt warmth like a reprieve from execution. The man stopped ahead. Jim could hear his own heart. The driver of the car looked back at him. Slowly, Jim walked toward the stopped car — as he had done years ago on this very street. Years ago. The man leaned over, to lower the passenger-side window, to speak to Jim. And to look at him better? Years ago! . . . What if he realizes I'm not as young as he may have thought at first? What if he drives away? The man motioned to him.

Overwhelmed suddenly by terror, Jim ran away, losing himself in the crowded boulevard, time roaring at him.

Midway down the block, he stopped.

"I haven't seen a body like yours in a long time," a man walking up to him told him. "How much do you go for?"

Reprieve. Jim touched his own body, breathing.

7:23 P.M. Selma.

"What's happening?" The blond hustler is standing on the steps of the Baptist church. A deep tan reveals the tiny wrinkles at his eyes, like scratches.

"Not much — with you?" Looking away from each other, even as they stand together on the steps, tanned survivors in a tough world, they glance at the parade of cars. "Hot tonight," the blond hustler says.

"Yeah, it's a hot night," Jim echoes. Silence. This is perhaps the longest they have stood together.

The blond hustler says: "I don't think I've ever seen you with a shirt — always showing off, huh?"

"Got to," Jim says. But he knows the other hustler has seen him with a shirt, often.

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Interview **JACK DEVEAU**

By TOM UDO

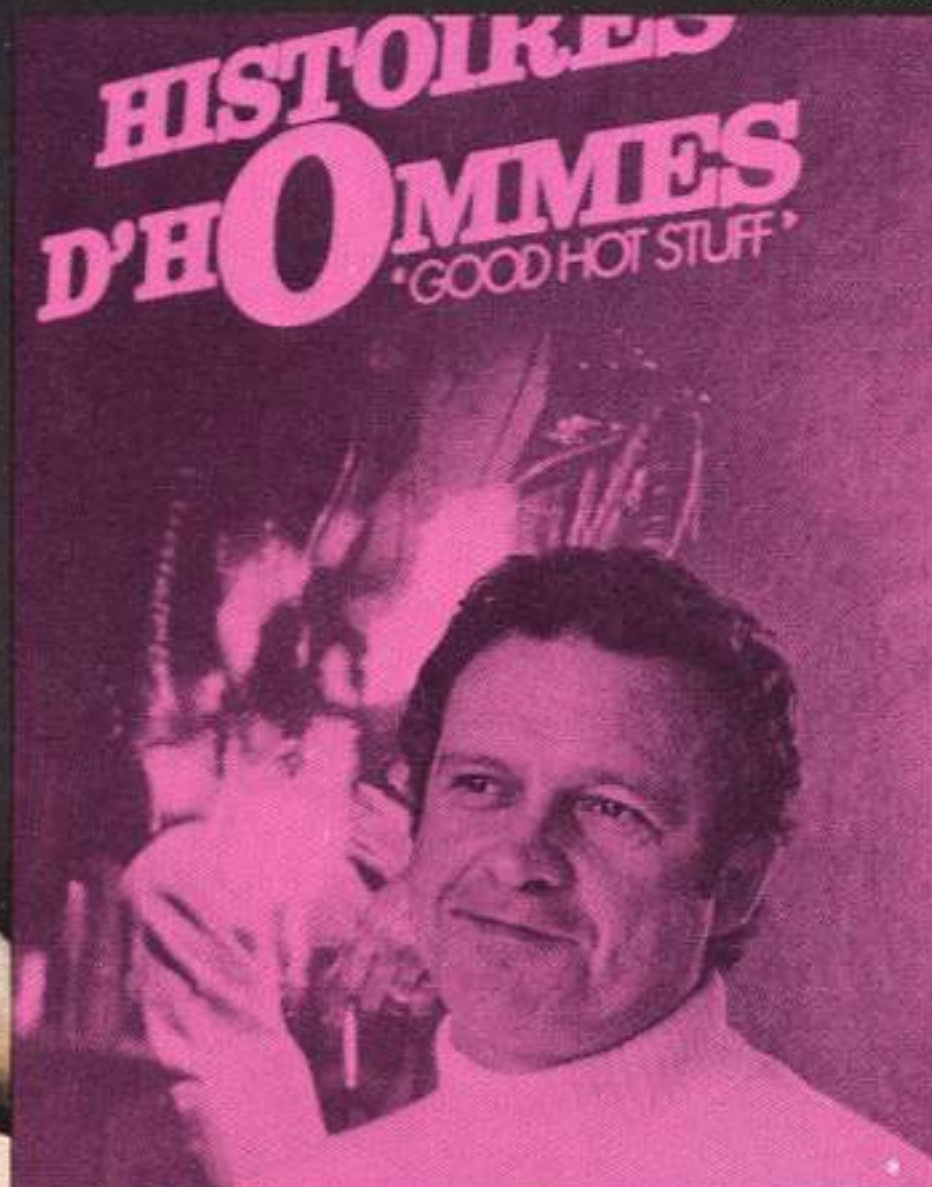
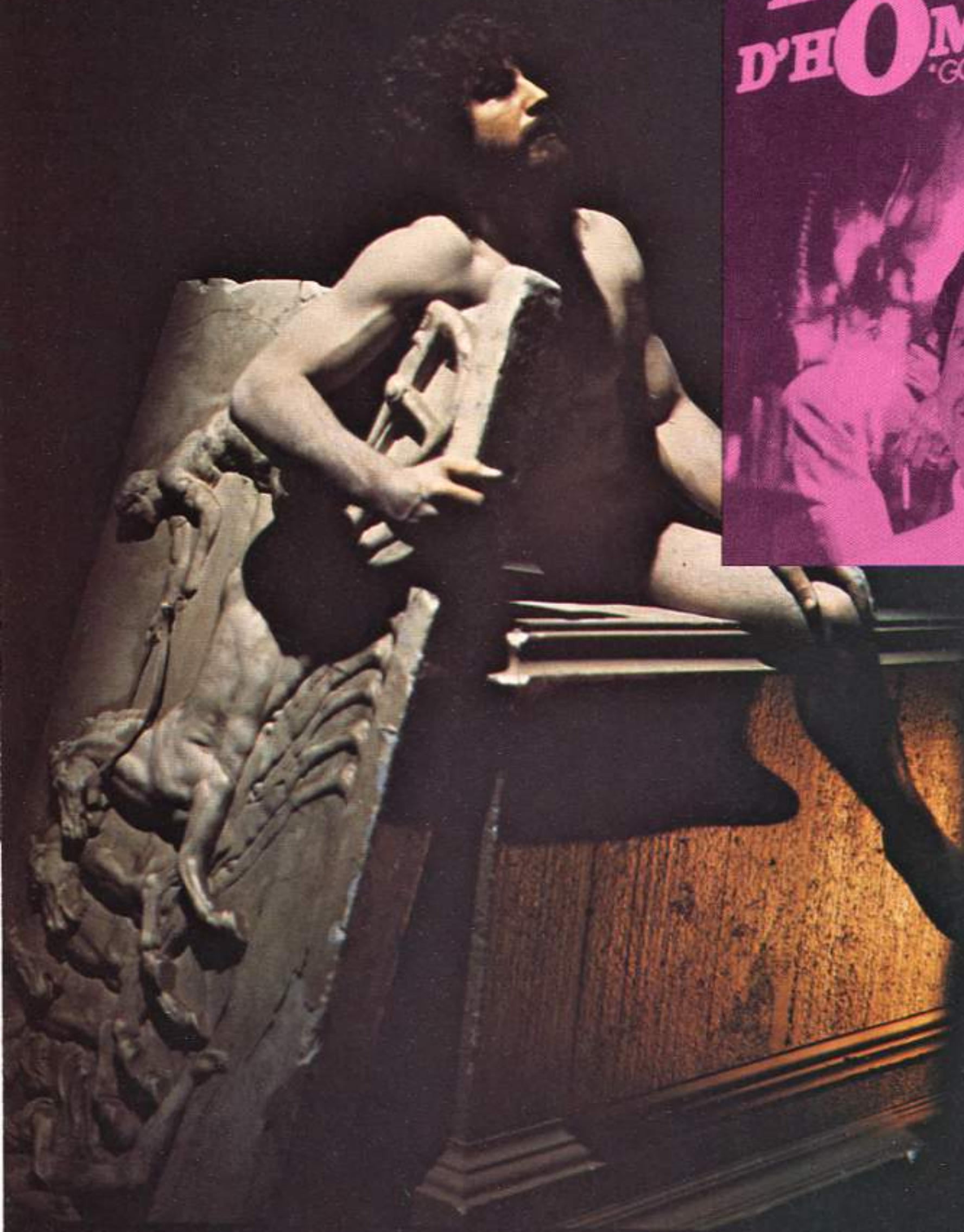


Photo by John M. Cox, Jr.

Dan Donovan as a statue in *Dream Boy*

Photo by Jack Deveau

"When you're looking for men who can suck and fuck for the screen in front of a crew . . . there's a poise and confidence that emanates from those who can."



Hugh Allen (kneeling) and Thomas Jeffries in *Dream Boy*

Despite rumors of a new ice age being spread by the more freaked and frozen natives of Manhattan Island, there are still some warm, inviting places to visit that provide welcome relief from the urban tundra. The sun-filled Westside penthouse of Jack Deveau, acknowledged Zuzu Mamu of gay porn films, is one of them.

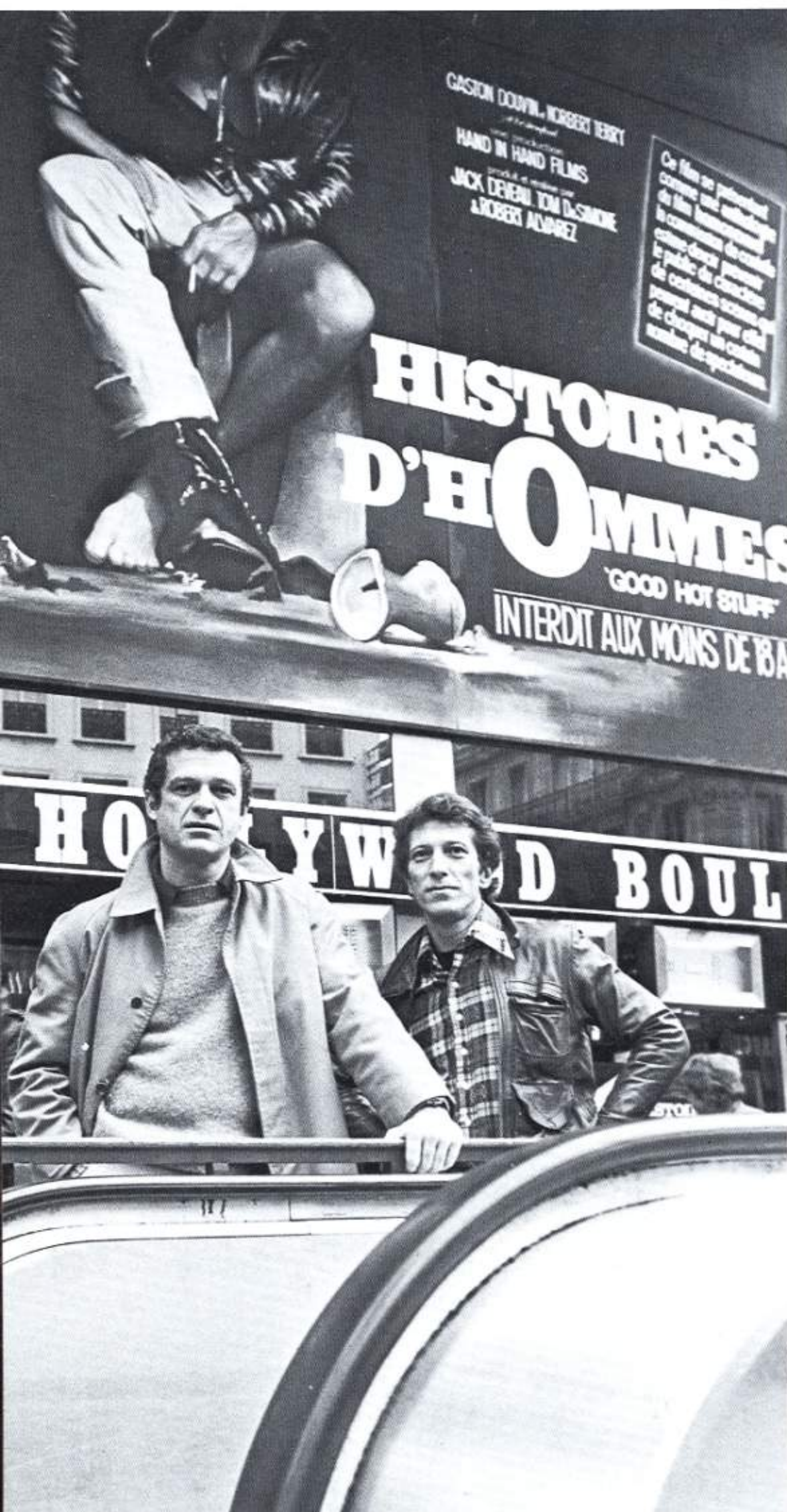
Amidst the muted ringing of phones, the seductive purring of Vera (the most proudass of the four resident Siamese cats) and the aroma of freshly-brewed coffee, it's actually possible to ignore the zero-degree weather. The living room is spacious and comfortable, and holds enough sound equipment for a disco.

Deveau is president of Hand In Hand Films, arguably the most highly regarded producer of "all-male-cast" pics. Among his directorial credits are *Left Handed* ('72), *Drive* ('74), *Good Hot Stuff*, *Ballet Down the Highway* ('75) and *Wanted: Billy the Kid* ('75). Coming up this year are *Le Musee* (retitled *Dreamboy* in U.S.), *Rough Trades* and *Mondo Homo*.

Laid-back and easy to be around, Deveau is earnestly involved in expanding his horizons as a filmmaker, and still giving his public hot films for the cold spell.

IN TOUCH: How do you interview a potential actor for a part in a Hand In Hand film?

Deveau: The first thing I'd have him do is fill out a questionnaire. When we first started, it was a checklist of will do's, won't do's . . . very specific, almost clinical. Well, it tended to make people uptight. Since people tend to lie on questionnaires of this kind anyway, we decided to tone the questions down to a more general category and go by our instincts. When you're looking for men who can suck and fuck for the screen in front of a crew of technicians, there's a poise and confidence that emanates from those who can. You can feel it just sitting and talking to someone. We also ask why the applicant wants to appear in a pornographic movie. If money is the only answer, I'm rarely interested in going any further. The work of being in a porn film, the physical and mental demands, just can't be bought with money alone. You have to have some interest in being in front of a camera, whether through sheer narcissism or attempting to ply your craft as an actor. And



Jack Deveau (left) and Bob Alvarez by Paris billboard for Good Hot Stuff

corny as it sounds, there is such a thing as star quality, a sense of himself a man can have that sets him apart.

IT: Since porn, like all movies, operates on schedules and budgets, what happens if you have, say, a certain location in which a sex scene must be shot in two hours, and your actors aren't turning on to each other?

Deveau: In order to accommodate a situation where we couldn't get anyone else or reschedule the scene, we'd have to change the character of the scene. For example, the original leads in *Adam & Yves* had to be recast after shooting a thousand feet of film on them. But usually that doesn't happen. There's enough time between casting and filming to spend some time with the cast and crew socially, get everybody used to each other. That often means people are propositioning each other and going home together. Ideally, by the first day of shooting, you have an idea of what to expect. This has to be done, of course, as unobtrusively as possible. We found that, like an interview or questionnaire that's overly specific, it's a turn-off, like picking up someone in a bar and asking, "What do you do?"

IT: Didn't you spend some of last year in France?

Deveau: Well, I usually go over for the Cannes Festival, but last year, when the French censorship system was temporarily relaxed, we opened the first gay hardcore film ever to play in a Paris movie house — *Good Hot Stuff*, our Hand In Hand anthology film. It was retitled *Histoire D'Hommes* ("Stories of Men"), and it was a great success for us. Not only did we get lots of interesting press and critical attention, most of it quite favorable, but the film outgrossed *Nashville* our opening week. The most satisfying part of the whole experience, though, was to be treated as a serious filmmaker.

IT: Did you remain in Paris and shoot *Le Musse*?

Deveau: No, we flew back to New York, cast the film and gathered a small, essential crew to take back to Paris with us. I had acquired the script not long before. It was perfect for us. An American student traveling in France finds himself one day in a Paris art museum. Wandering around, he comes upon an unlocked door to a private collection. A guard shoos him away, but his curiosity has gotten the best of him. He returns to

the museum, managing to sequester himself there overnight. What he finds in the room is a collection of erotic male statues, which come to life and guide the boy from one sexual act into another. In the end, the boy becomes one of them, a statue. The film is seen from the boy's point of view, and takes on the feeling of one sexual act, an initiation into homosexuality.

IT: As an American hardcore production, filming in a foreign country, did you have any difficulty with the authorities?

Deveau: Not at all. Having French co-producers made things simpler for us, but *Le Musée* was registered with the French government, same as any other film. We were permitted to shoot much of the film at the Musée Rodin — The Thinker, The Kiss — and we also used Musée Gravin, a wax museum. All the special effects work, the transformations from statues into men and back, was done at a studio.

IT: What was your impression of Paris gay life?

Deveau: Although Paris is an outrageous city, it's several years behind New York for most middle class gays. If you're an artist, it's fine, but you couldn't be a bureaucrat and a known homosexual. You'd probably lose your job.

IT: You returned to the States right in the middle of the Harry Reems case. What did you think about it?

Deveau: When it comes to the First Amendment, like my lawyer says, make sure that someday one of your films doesn't show in some neanderthal part of the country. It gives **them** the right to pick the ground on which to fight you.

IT: Before we started today, you showed me some promotional material for *Rough Trades*. What's the story behind it?

Deveau: Gay people nowadays really respond to the image of the workman, which were among the first male images used in stag films: plumbers, telephone men, window washers. So we decided to put a young man in a New York apartment and surround him with half a dozen of these uniformed men.

IT: Audiences have come to expect more story elements in your films than most others. Is this true for *Rough Trades*?

Deveau: No. Some of our films have been criticized for having too much plot and not enough sex, so *Rough*

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Photo by Hand In Hand Films

Phone repairman David Gorsky & Hugh Allen in *Rough Trades*

Caught between the rock and the hard place where he has compelled the colliding of pervasively antithetical myths — that “all athletes are butch” and “all gays are sissies” — gay pro footballer David Kopay maintains a stoical calm. Not exactly **above** the storms of controversy he has so consciously created, but more **insulated** from them by a strength of character he would unquestionably attribute to his years of training on the playing field.

Settled down for this *IN TOUCH* talk over breakfast on the final day of a gruelling 3-week promo tour for *The David Kopay Story* (in collaboration with gay writer Perry Deane Young), he was alert, frank, and, above all, laid back. The string of cross-country interviews, talk shows, motels, restaurants, taxis, planes, and questions, questions, always the same questions, was about to come to a 1-day halt as soon as we dropped him at the L.A. Airport for a flight home to Washington D.C.

“I don’t think I could have handled any of ‘this’ if it wasn’t for football,” he says, referring to the tremendous stir his “coming out” created since that first “confession” in the *Washington Star* of Dec., 1975. “In a way, football’s easier. Much easier. Because you know what you’re kinda combatting. Now, trying to get thru to some people, sometimes it seems like there’s an invisible barrier there, and it’s almost impenetrable. In football at least you know what you’re up against. When people seem to **demand** something of me, that’s when I get a little anxious. I try to give what I can if I’m the one who makes the decision to share what I have to share. But sometimes it’s just very difficult to know if you’re making any headway or not.”

His paulnewman-blue eyes momentarily film-over in reflection, but he springs back larger-than-life when asked to explain the technical football terms “free agent” and “waivers.” Essentially and intensely physical, he shoots an arm out and around your shoulder and sighs, “I love you!” Because football, the central focus of his life over nearly 20 of his 35 years (b. June 28, ’42), is never far from his active mind. It is the bottomless wellspring of his analogies and images, the reservoir of his memories.

He delights, for example, to tell of pre-game superstitions: “One of my

DAVID KOPAY

By JEREMY HUGHES



Photo by Charlie Alraves

procedures was that I always got there earlier, very early. I never ate much. I could never eat that ‘steak-and-eggs’ they served you. I’d vomit to look at ‘em. I always got my socks to the same height, my jockstrap on the same way with my sponge rubber pad stuck inside. . . . Things like that I did the same way all the time.” A pause, then, with a wistfulness all the more poignant in contrast with the

ruggedness of its source, “I really loved to play football!”

It was not always so euphoric: “At first I was a big sissy, and I’m saying that in the vernacular of what ‘sissy’ has always been used for. I was very chicken,” in football terms. Afraid. Hell, I was afraid I was gonna get killed! I really went into it because I loved the idea of catching and running and that kind of thing — the freedom. But the physical contact? Ugh! The point he makes is that he had to **learn** to become the aggressive player that enabled him to hang onto a professional career by sheer grit — “I’ve been thru ‘free agent’ and ‘waivers’ a whole bunch!” he laughs. (As he evangelically explained them, a “free agent” is apparently like an actor going around auditioning for some role, and being “on waivers” is not unlike being fired from the job.)

Kopay’s bio is overly-familiar by now: the bickering parents, the sibling rivalry, the rigidly-parochial schooling, the discovery in 5th grade of the joys of masturbation (“I woke up one nite with an erection protruding through my pajamas”), the early attraction to members of his own sex (“I would imagine how they looked naked, or think sometimes about holding them”), the 1st time he sucked cock (“I always thought of it as something only a woman could do”), the football scholarship to Seattle’s Univ. of Washington where he ended up co-captaining the Rose Bowl team on Jan. 1, ’64, the tenuously peripatetic football career as a “perpetual rookie,” the inevitable coming out, and, now, the book (“an extraordinary self-revelation”).

Ah, yes, **the book**. It tends to pop up often in the course of an hour-long breakfast (after all, this is a promotional tour). You question why in contrast with works like *Ball Four*, *North Dallas Forty*, and *Semi-Tough*, the language Kopay uses is so mild. Was this, by any chance, imposed by his collaborator or the publishers? He quickly answers: “**Nothing** was imposed on me in that book! Everything in the book is the way I wanted it. I was very concerned with not making this book a sensationalistic thing.”

This point of view also resulted in the reasoning behind his rejection of *Playgirl’s* offer to do a nude centerfold. It seems that, given his self-shouldered mission of bringing the two worlds of sports and homosex-

uality together, Kopay feels strongly that he must maintain as clean-cut an image as he can and keep to a minimum the ammunition that might be used against him by potential antagonists. He personally has nothing whatsoever against nudity (he even complained how difficult it is to find newstand copies of *IN TOUCH* in the West instead of the East Coast), and, in fact, confesses that "I like to run around naked!" He cheerfully doffed his shirt for our photogs lensing as we helped him pack, and at one point during breakfast, noting the placement of the camera, coyly (if, indeed, a 6'1", 205 lb. bruiser can be "coy") undid another button of the shirt that matched his eyes.

At the time of writing his book, he had said "I still hope to find a 'main man,' a meaningful sexual relationship with a best friend." Is this still the case? "Oh, that's not necessarily true, now," he smiles enigmatically, "but I'm not living with him." Then he broods for a moment or so, makes a sudden decision, and continues: "You know, some people might be shocked by this, but, in a way, I feel, it's just as important to **love** — probably more important — to love someone, and care about that someone, than to be loved. To me.

"I mean, it's a great thing when it's a 2-way street, of course, but I know that when I'm verbalizing how I feel to someone, I reach a sense of communication that doesn't always border on the sexual — **sometimes** it does — with straight men or gay men. But there's such a sense of good feeling there, when you say to anybody 'I love you' or 'you really mean a lot to me' — it's really rewarding and it's great. I have a friend — **friends** — that I say that to, and one man in particular who has lived with me but we never had sex.

"Sometimes it takes time. Sometimes it's not there. A friendship is like a big raincloud: you never know what's going to develop. Maybe something electric and maybe not. It's like my buddy I went out with the other night. I really **love** him! Now, we didn't have sex — and with him I really don't want to have sex. But it's so neat to say to him: 'Gee, I love you!' Y'know?"

Still, physical sex is a constant in the Kopay consciousness. "Sexual arousal came very natural to me," he wrote about his pubescent years, and now, much later, admits that "I

know from my experience that football is a real outlet for repressed sexual energy. You know, parents are always saying 'put the kids into sports and that'll consume their energies.' Now, what are they talkin' about? They're talkin' about their **sexual** energies. And, of course, it kinda fills a void, and it probably filled a void in me for a long time." Sex and football, football and sex.

The body, as a common denominator to both, is point 3 in the Kopay trinity. Thruout his career he'd had knee and foot problems, but claims to be "pretty healthy" now, and, Lord knows, he **looks** almost obscenely fit. Surely, he must constantly work out? "I think if I didn't work out I wouldn't be so healthy. Especially when I have any anxiety in me, I go out and just run, and I hit the stairs, or I run the stadium stairs. I really get lost in intense competition, even against just myself or the clock. Just to get with it! I think it's very healthy to let all the anxieties out. That's why I think football's a very healthy game.

"Often in this experience (of working with Young on the book), Perry used to say 'Oh, I can't play football, I'm not violent, I can't be aggressive.' **Bullshit!** People are aggressive in different ways. Sometimes it takes more biting away than the physical expression of it. People become devious, or very bitchy — it's all the same kind of aggression.

"With me, being an athlete, and feeling so great about running and letting things flow and just being natural, and being a football player — again, the physical exertion people can actually see and which they define as 'courage' — it's kind of really made me think, even tho I didn't think of this for a long, long, long time, and I'm just gettin' the idea now, about the idea of the unity of the mind and the body, through **athletics**. You feel good about your intellectual capabilities or your ability to articulate somethin' — so shouldn't you feel good about your physical self and your sexuality?"

Thanks to whatever gods may be, the question could be interpreted as rhetorical, but it did serve to trigger a counter-query about whether there actually was much latitude for "intellectualizing" on the football field. "Oh, sure, all the time!" the answer snapped back defensively. "The plays are all strategy, and you're immensely responsible to

make the right decisions. If you're gonna make an end run, and you don't make the right decision to bounce in or bounce out thru the hole — well, you're makin' a lot of individual decisions on each play!"

You next ask about all those rumors regarding excessive drug use among pro athletes, football players in particular, and Kopay levels those beautifully clear eyes right at you as he responds: "I don't do any drugs at all, now. In college, I played almost 50 minutes a game my entire senior year, and sometimes I'd take an upper. One of the coaches would come by and he'd say 'gee, here's a piece of gum, Dave,' and he'd hand me a piece of gum that had one dexamyl pill in the gum. It was very secretive.

"After I went to the San Francisco Forty-Niners I took a couple uppers for a few games, but it would cause a nervousness in me that I didn't really realize for a couple years. So finally I said 'hey, wait a minute, try playing without this stuff.' I wanted to be more at ease and more comfortable with my surroundings and knowing what I'm doing, so I think after my 3rd year I never took any other drugs. I smoked a bit of pit, but I got so loaded one time that I thought 'this isn't for me.'"

Pain killers are a different story. "Sure, I've had my shots and things like that," he admits. "But that's because I knew that I wanted to play. See, I think it's very wrong if people take the shots because **they** want to play, and then they come back and blast the organization for giving them pain killers. That's bullshit. I made those decisions. I played with a bad knee in 1968 the entire year — I should probably have been in the hospital, but I wanted to play and I knew I could. I got the operation at the **end** of the year."

Somehow, in the course of the interview, he has managed to stash away a plate of hash browns, 2 fried eggs, sausages, a double order of toast with butter and jelly, and coffee with lots and lots of cream. Now he jams a stick of gum in his mouth and begins a compulsive chewing that continues unabated until you see that broad back and those exciting buns disappear, all alone, into the cold depths of the airline terminal.

But just before leaving the greasy spoon that had been his choice, you had asked the former running back what his plans are, now, and especially whether becoming a coach

(continued on page 86)

About The Author

Robin Maugham, nephew of W. Somerset, is the author of several books, including his war memoir *Come to Dust*, the novels *The Servant*, *The Intruder*, *The Rough and the Smooth*, *The Black Tent*, *The Wrong People*, *The Sign*, *Knock on Teak*, his autobiography *Escape From the Shadows* and a sequel, *Search For Nirvana*. His short story *Drums* is published here for the first time.

DRUMS

A hyena, undisturbed by the noise of his car, was roving close to the compound. Down the valley the drums were thudding, sending waves of excitement into the darkness. In the room which he had just left, the pressure lamps would still be hissing steadily while the moths swerved about them.

The married couple who owned the farm, some twenty miles away from his small property, had tried to persuade him to stay the night and spend Christmas day with them. But he had thanked them and refused. He wanted to get home. He wanted to spend the night in his bed with Tarou, with his smooth body and ebony-black skin, beside him.

The drums were growing louder. Their sound, which at first had pleased him because they were a part of the romantic background, now assumed a different meaning, incoherent as yet, but menacing, as if the relentless thudding were part of a secret crime, the feverish preparation for an act directed against himself. The hot pulsing beat thrust against the walls of his mind; the rhythm pounded in assault, the sound fading and swelling when the tempo

quickened, as if, soon, full vigor would be attained and the walls of his mind pierced, if he allowed himself to relax, and then his whole being would be horribly penetrated. Now, when he listened to the drums, unless he kept tight control over his imagination, he could see the hard shining chests and heavy black limbs of the workers on his property.

He slowed down. Two little green lamps a hundred yards away belonged to an enormous brown owl in the middle of the road which was peering into the headlights without moving. He sounded his horn; the owl took no notice. Ten yards away he switched off his lights, and got out of his Land-rover and walked towards it. Awkwardly, yet without haste, the owl spread its jagged wings and flew slowly away. Wild life in Darkest Africa, he thought. Wild life, my

fiction by

Robin Maugham

foot. They're not wild, they think they own the place. Elephants push cars over escarpments, giraffes canter along the highway, leopards wander into your house, snakes drift into the bathroom, and owls hold you up on the road.

“God be with you till we meet again.” The tune of the hymn suddenly began to float through his mind as he drove home carefully along the track. Only ten miles to go; the act of driving was sobering him as it always did. Never drunk in charge of a car, he thought, never quite drunk, though they once tried

to prove it.

"God be with you till we meet again." They had sung that hymn on the last day of term at school, at evensong in the chapel of his preparatory school. And how many of them had known, while the music swelled above their pulsing chastity? How many of them were aware of the moment? He could remember when he had first become aware. It was during the verse which was sung by a soloist, towards the end of that summer term. In his cassock and surplice, the boy had looked pure and spiritual. Hard to remember that he was the same being that slept in the bed next to his. Heming his name was. That was not so bad to remember thirty years later and at this time of night. Heming, with a tilted nose and freckles on his shoulders. But it wasn't Heming who sang on that still evening, whose treble voice, clean and effortless, rose like an arrow to the rafters and soared gently into the violet night; it was all that was beautiful in the world, all that could never be attained. And as he heard the true cold notes he had felt a pain — not in his heart, but a pain that pierced his tumescent virginity. And he had known . . . he had known in that acute moment of awareness and nostalgia that life might be better, but it could never be the same again. He would walk once more under the hot scent of fir trees, stripping the fronds of bracken with his hands; he would sprawl again on the smooth-rolled lawn. Lying awake in bed he would again hear distant voices, floating with the scent of roses through the open windows. But it would never be the same. In a few months, his own voice would break like a crystal and become ridiculous. In a few months he would be led by growth into the sniggering mystery. Small defiling hairs were already appearing to spoil the whiteness of his body. Meanwhile, the boy's voice, like a small white bird, flew serenely to the sky. God be with you, Heming, till we meet again.

One travels along in a darkness of imperception, he thought. These instants of awareness came unexpectedly like a sudden flash of lightning on the lonely road. For a second one could see the signpost and the dykes. Then, all would be night again. But the warning had been read. His trouble had been that through weakness he could not be wise after the event.

The muddy winding track he had been following led to the open road ahead, and again his mind turned back. "Next time, Heming," the master had said, "it won't be a hundred lines. It will mean a whipping." The master never used a cane, he had a thin whip which he preferred to use. But Heming remained lazy and cheerful. He seemed to have no fear of punishment. And a fortnight before the term ended the moment had come. "You will report to my study at the end of this lesson," the master had said.

That evening as Heming had undressed beside the bed, there were thin livid weals on the white skin of his back. And he had gazed at them with indignation at a system which allowed such cruelty. But as he gazed he felt to his horror a desire to stroke the red marks of the lash. He wanted to take Heming into his arms to comfort him. Suddenly, and inexplicably, he realized that he would have liked to have watched the whip rise and fall on the smooth, tender skin. His heart pounded in excitement and terror. With a lurch of disgust he found that he would have liked to use the whip himself and observe each new scar on the slim, white body. He mumbled some words of sympathy to Heming and turned away hurriedly. They spoke seldom for the remaining week of the term. Heming left for another school. He had not seen him since.

The love that he felt for Heming had faded; the desire the boy had aroused in him still remained. The sight of the red lashes of the whip would always linger in his mind. The whip was now the key that unlocked his passion.

Tarou was waiting for him. Tarou, who was thirteen years old — the same age as Heming had been — was prepared to submit to the pain that would be once again inflicted on him. As he imagined the boy sprawling on his bed asleep in the small whitewashed house, he suddenly felt revolted by the thought of what he intended to do after a last drink.

The whip hung on a nail in the wall beside the bed. Why should Tarou submit to pain? Various reasons seemed obvious. Tarou led a softer life than any of the other house-boys? He was paid on each occasion?

He turned off the road onto the narrow track that led to his farm-

house. It was nearly midnight, so by the time he reached home it would be Christmas Day. God be with you . . . But God was no longer with him. Not a trace of Godhead remained. Then why did he feel a spasm of disgust when he imagined the ritual that would soon be enacted in his bedroom? Was it because in some pathetic way he believed that within him there still remained the purity of love he had originally felt for Heming?

Or was it because he had allowed his will-power to be rotted away by alcohol?

As he helped himself to a last drink from the side-table he could see into his bedroom. It was cold but the fire was burning and the boy was lying naked and asleep. The boy looked as innocent as Heming. The drink tasted unpleasant. He finished it in a gulp and went into his bedroom. Slowly he pulled open the drawer where he kept his whip. For a long time he gazed down at its dark pliant leather. Then he went to the window. He looked out at the lawn, shining in the moonlight. It was very still, and in the distance he could hear the hooting of an owl — perhaps the one he had saved on the road. But what else could he save? Two people. Tarou and himself. He turned back toward the bed. Tarou was still asleep.

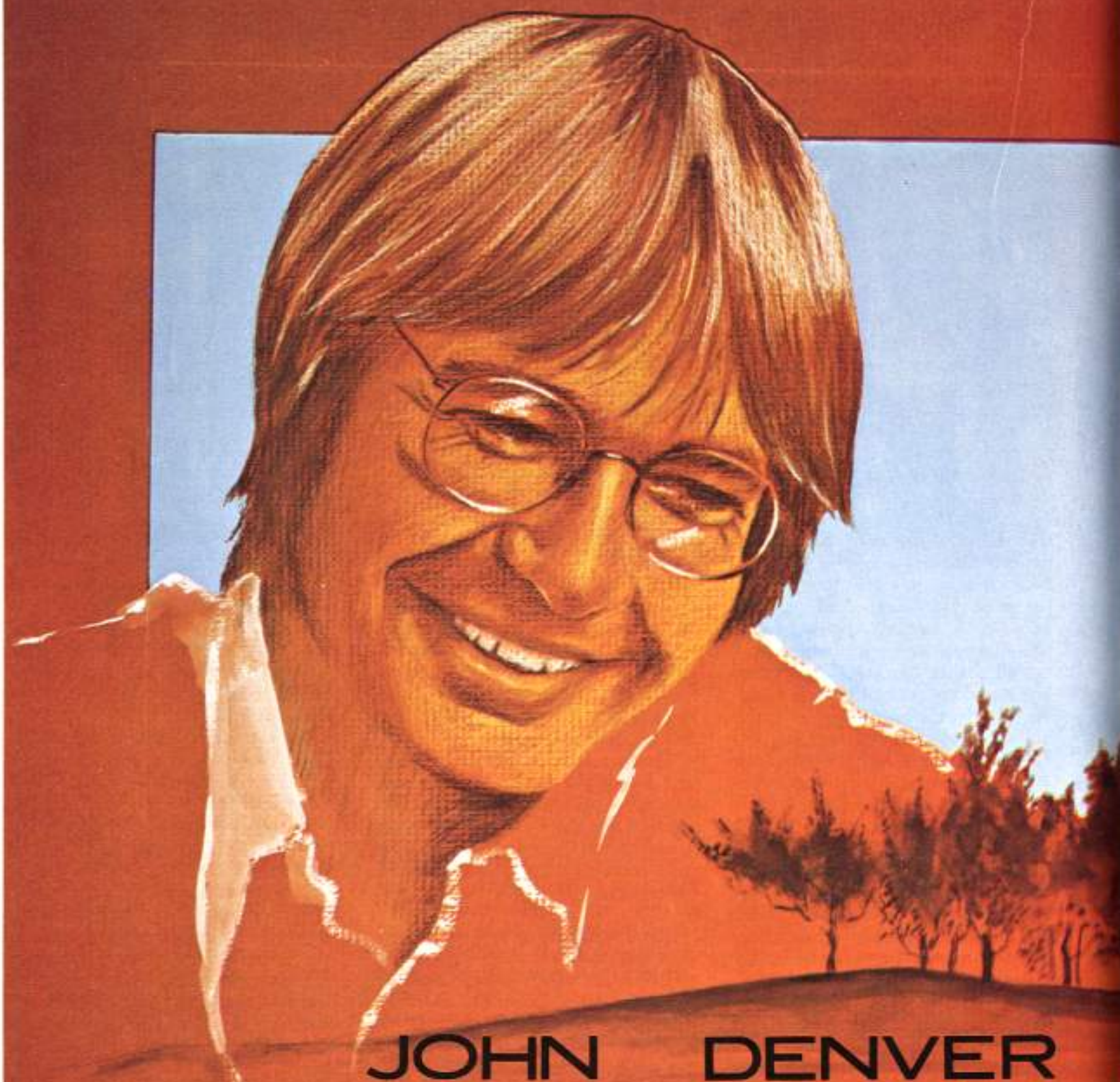
He had already determined not to harm Tarou to-day or the next day or the next. He closed the window, and went over towards the bed.

Tarou was still motionless. He would not disturb him. As he looked down at the sleeping boy for an instant he heard the words of the hymn. But they were distorted: "God save us until we die." He walked again to the window to throw away the whip. Then he hesitated. He realized that one evening, perhaps in a week or so, he might need to hold the whip in his hand once more — if he used it or not.

He sighed. He took the whip and placed it under some clothes in his cupboard. Then he got into bed and clasped Tarou in his arms. As Tarou woke up, a look of fear distorted his face. But when he became conscious of the gentle caresses on his body, he smiled.

"Happy Christmas," he said drowsily.

Presently both of them were asleep.



JOHN DENVER

By JAMES M. MARTIN

James M. Martin is the author of John Denver: Rocky Mountain Wonderboy, just published by Pinnacle Books.

It is said of Capricorns that they are the zodiac's most ambitious sign, that they are patient and determined, loving yet aloof, diligent almost to a fault, exceedingly strong of will; conservative, loyal, and devoted. Laurence Harvey and Sal Mineo belonged to their number, as does Elvis Aron Presley, the singer with the most golden records in history. Considering the "Goat's" penchant

for success at all costs, it shouldn't come as a surprise that the man most likely to topple Presley's golden records is yet another Cap: Henry John Deutschendorf, Junior.

Who? (you might well ask).

You know Deutschendorf by his stage name, John Denver, an appellation he acquired, ca. 1965, when a disc producer convinced him that Henry John Deutschendorf, Junior, would never fit on a mar-

quee, much less the label of a 45 rpm single. Besides, "Denver" had connotations of mountains, trees, and wildlife, the things the young recording artist has cherished since childhood.

Talk about ambition, patience and determination! Denver, born amidst the fireworks and clarions of New Year's Eve, 1943, certainly has paid his dues. After dropping out of college (Texas Tech) in 1964, he

Illustration by CHRIS NICKENS

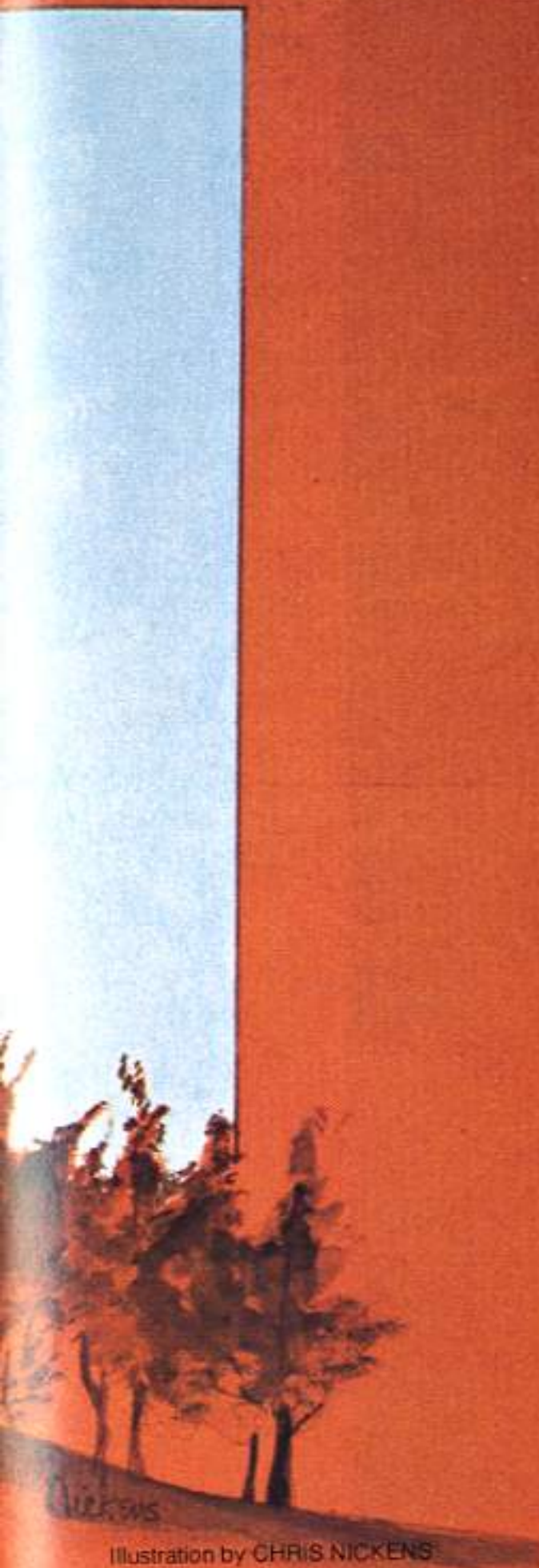


Illustration by CHRIS NICKENS

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Talk about ambition, patience, and determination! Denver, born amidst the fireworks and clarions of New Year's Eve, 1943, certainly has paid his dues. After dropping out of college (Texas Tech) in 1964, he

went to California and spent a year playing "hoots" in folk clubs and coffee houses; joined the then-prestigious Chad Mitchell Trio for a stint of about three years; led Denver, Boise, and Johnson for yet another year, and, finally — now a solo artist signed to RCA — played "warm-up" sets on road tours by such unlikely acts as Laura Nyro and the Fifth Dimension.

Wisely, though, he'd accumulated some experience as a song-writer. In fact, his mother recalls that as a teenager, John made tapes of his early compositions and mailed them to himself — a poor boy's way of "copyrighting" his tunes. ("I have one tape," she says, "that I've never opened, and every once in a while I'll ask John if he wants to open it up, and he'll say, 'No, no. . . .'")

This youthful compositional bent, plus the peripatetic life of an "Air Force brat" had a lot to do with the creation of the song that played a major role in Denver's slow but certain rise to international fame — "Leaving, on a Jet Plane." In a very real sense, Denver is an all-American boy. It's not just the wholesome look, coupled with the sort of bitter-sweet lyrics that drive cynics bananas — songs celebrating love, peace, and the wonders of nature.

No, it is more than that. He's all-American because he has always been a one-man band on the run. Born in Roswell, New Mexico, he trailed after his test pilot father to base assignments as far away as occupied Japan, and through half a dozen of these United States, including Arizona, Alabama, Oklahoma, and Texas. The music he writes and sings today reflects the myriad idiomatic influences he picked up along the way.

And there's scarcely an idiom he hasn't absorbed, by osmosis as it were. Folk, country-western, bluegrass, Broadway musicals, jazz, pop, rock-and-roll, rhythm-and-blues, and "rockabilly," the music of West Texas promulgated by Buddy Holly and Elvis. Today, he reaches listeners of all ages; his records sell better than just about anybody's (including the phenomenally successful Elton John); his TV specials rate astronomically high in the Neilsens, and his concerts — as far afield as Australia — draw consistent S.R.O. crowds.

Yet this provincial Puck with granny glasses and a galactic smile has become the subject of an unlikely

controversy. His detractors appear to be few, but they are extremely vocal. The clannish denizens of his adopted home town, Aspen, while they reap the economic rewards of "John Denver-the-tourist-attraction," accuse him of inadvertently promoting the very sort of commercialization he protests: tract houses and overpopulation, among the other products of "civilization."

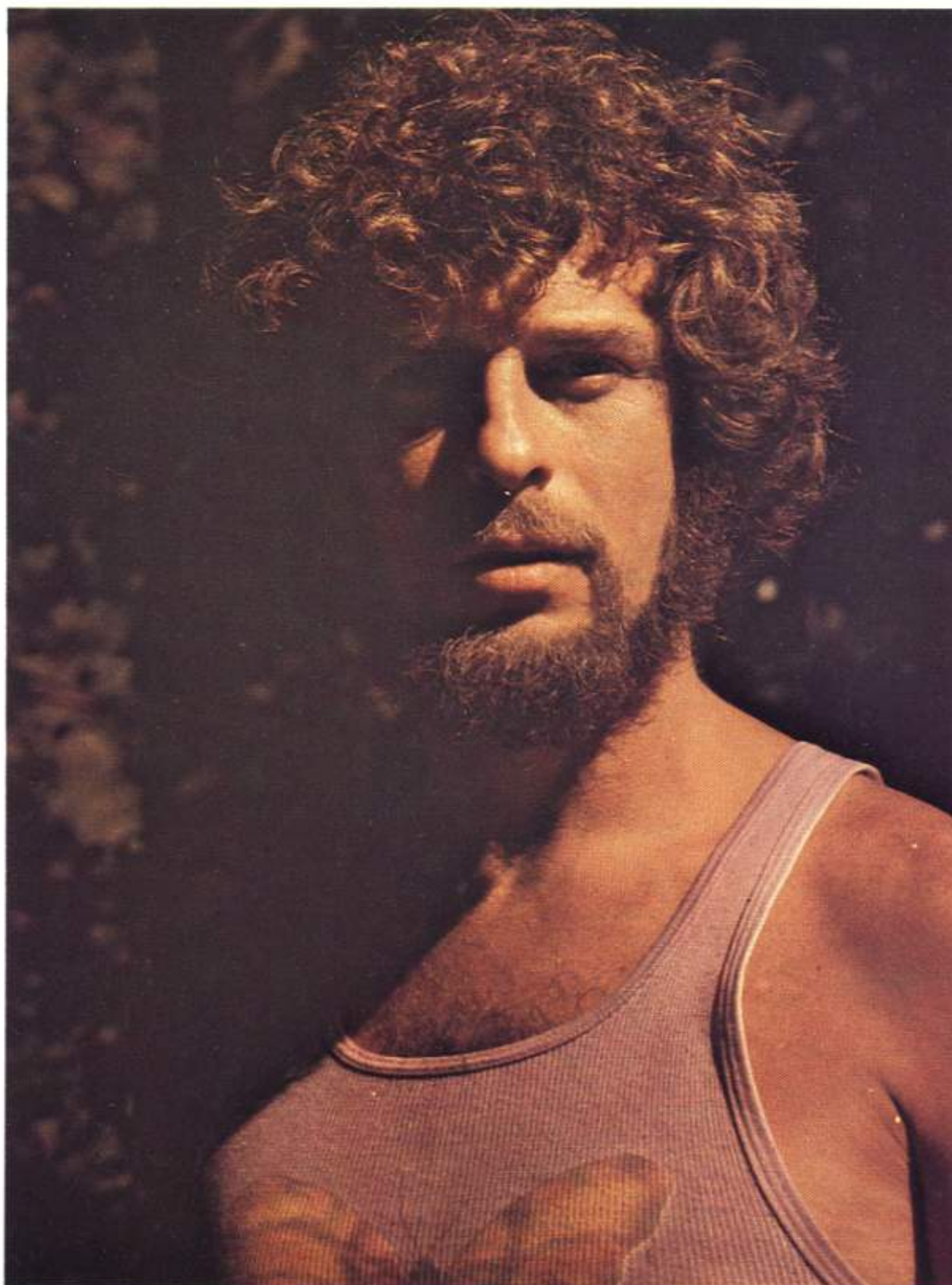
As if to offset charges by rock purists and critics, who have dubbed him "the Lawrence Welk of Pop," called him "about as exciting as Velveeta cheese," and snidely referred to him as "Pollyanna" and "Mr. Clean," Denver has in interviews owned up to smoking hashish, to using profanity, and to losing his temper now and then. One inane rock writer even managed to compare him, only slightly favorably, to Divine, the bald transvestite in the movie, *Pink Flamingos*!

Although hardly impervious to such unwarranted critical abuse, Denver knows that he has every right — responsibility, actually — to give his millions of fans what they want. And what they want is more songs like "Rocky Mountain High," "The Eagle and the Hawk," "Sunshine On My Shoulders," "Back Home Again," "Looking For Space," and so on (and on).

John and his wife, Annie, live in Starwood, an exclusive housing development in Aspen. There, it is not uncommon to see the couple with their adopted American Indian son, Zachary John, skiing down the mountain slopes . . . just like plain folks. John's other pastimes include motorcycling, back-packing, and eagle-watching (from his own aerie, in the loft of the house). When he ventures into politics, it is to support initiatives rather than candidates, usually on issues concerning our threatened ecosystem.

Like most sensible celebs, he isn't squandering his immense wealth from superstardom, but investing it here and there. He knows that there'll come a day, as surely as the sun sets, when the marquee lights have dimmed and the applause has died out. Then, perhaps, he'll realize his Great Retirement Dream: to open a cozy restaurant where Annie cooks and he waits on tables and sings.

Imagine that for a billing! ANNIE'S PLACE, FEATURING JOHN DENVER, THE SINGING WAITER.



The poetic world of
WALT RINDER



By CHRISTOPHER PUTNAM

Photography by WALT RINDER

Somewhere on an open highway along the coast of California a Ford camper slows to a stop before a young hitchhiker. This boy-man is probably between 15 and 30 and has a radiant eagerness in his eyes, not for the ride which he is about to receive but for the adventure of life which presently faces him.

The driver, Walter Rinder, has that same young, expectant look which doesn't seem at all unnatural on his mature face. Beside him in the truck is a camera and a notebook. Soon he will be using both of these tools to explore another sensitive psyche like his.

This seemingly vicarious approach to life could be considered maudlin if this were not a genuine attempt to search for the meaning and purpose of love and understanding with one's own sex.

It had never been Rinder's intention to drive around the countryside in a fully equipped camper picking up lonely young men on the road. It was an accumulation of circumstances which later gave him this motivation.

He grew up in Alhambra, Calif., and did all the usual things expected of a boy on his way to manhood. As an only child he was loved dearly by his parents. Early in his life, however, he discovered that he was slightly different from his playmates.

The urge to have closer contact with boys his age soon became evident. It wasn't the need for sex so much as it was for close companionship.

It was later that the more specific pressures began to move into his world. In 1967 he found himself in the "growing gay community" of

San Francisco where it was possible to be very much alone while wandering the streets.

The social whirlpool of the gay world wasn't that important to him. He wasn't interested in hitting the bars or being seen at midnight parties. Like most of us — although we don't readily admit it — he was looking for that special relationship. This meant getting to know someone on an honest, sincere level, an occurrence which doesn't happen too often in San Francisco.

"In the beginning I had to let myself go another way. I started making love greeting cards. Every one was different and I sold them locally to the small specialty shops. All of a sudden they caught on. Then I figured it was time to expand and I did my first poster which was titled 'Love Is An Attitude'."

The poster showed a young man in silhouette on a deserted beach, and below it the words "Alone We Find Solitude, Together We Find Love." Words that quickly struck a familiar chord with many gays living in the crowded apartment areas of San Francisco. All the posters were sold out before the end of the week.

With all this hot activity going on at the shops it wasn't long before a publisher approached Rinder. Celestial Arts in Millbrae, Calif., offered to print and distribute some of his work. They didn't really comprehend what he was trying to say and who he wanted to reach. All they knew was that he had a saleable product.

For this first venture into book publishing, Rinder ran his photography with brief comments on the opposite page. The prose was succinct and the meaning universal:

"All that we love, deeply becomes a part of us."

No attempt was made to touch any special group of people. Even without this specific thrust, over 100,000 copies were sold within the first year. And the publishers took another look at this new young talent.

"By now I was starting to travel around the country on a regular basis because I felt I had to meet more people if I wanted to continue writing these same kinds of books."

His second book, *This Time Called Life*, featured many young men he met along the way. In the poem "Understanding" the theme was well emphasized: "Travel far, my weary friend with nature's careful planning touch the flowers of the soul then wait, for understanding."

The camper which he finally purchased for the journeys had cooking facilities, sleeping bags and emergency power. He could stay on the road for days at a time. His overnight guests had all the comforts of home if they didn't mind cramped quarters.

When the second book had the same success as the first, his entire lifestyle changed. He didn't have to worry about seeking recognition. Letters came from all over the United States. Rinder always found the time to answer. He even made dates to see some of these newly found friends.

The time had come for him to be more forthright with his beliefs. He wanted to clarify his feelings about sexual relationships with another man. By now his publishers were aware of his potential as a perceptive writer and the direction of his unique philosophy but quite frankly they

had never considered themselves as distributors of material for gays. They didn't resent gays but didn't feel that they had the wherewithal for successful distribution in that area.

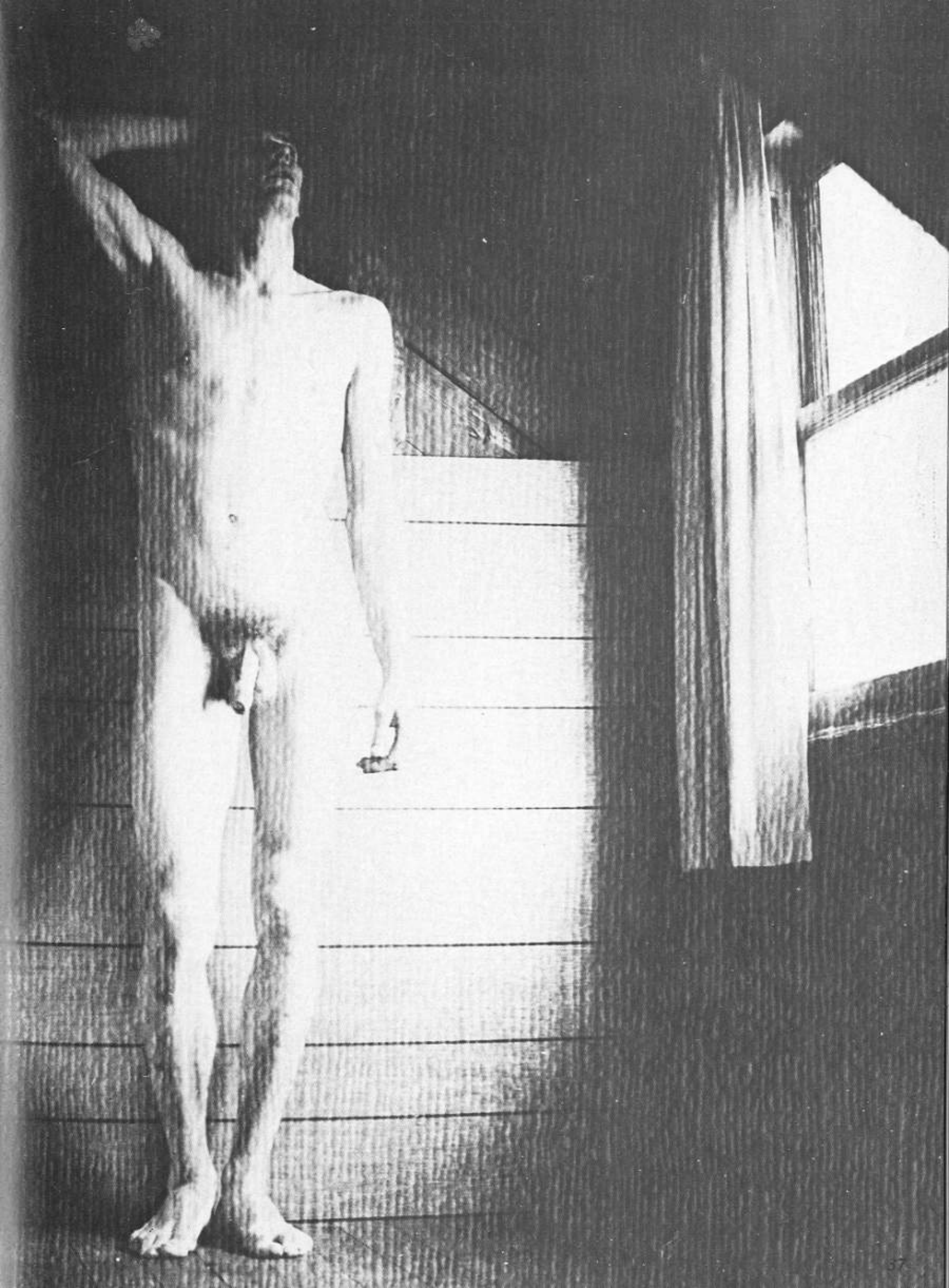
The problem was quickly solved by the buying public. His material was in demand from coast to coast. Booksellers wanted more copies without pressure from salesmen.

Meanwhile Rinder continued his travels. He wasn't interested in one-night stands, but wanted to get to know those he met on the road.

One encounter lasted six years. "I met him when he was only 17. He grew up on a ranch in California and was very confused about his sexual preference. We had many long talks together and I'll remember those times as long as I live. Unfortunately we didn't live together. Later he got married and had a son. Then about a year after that he was killed in a motorcycle accident. All those happenings really tore me apart!"

He has many memories of boys becoming men. A letter from a small town in Montana expresses the feelings of his readers: "Your words have released me. No longer do I feel shame, pity or disgust but instead an inner glow of pride."

What more could a writer ask? Rinder is always on the road, seeking adventures which bring him closer to the truth about himself and those he meets along the way.



Friend Or Lover

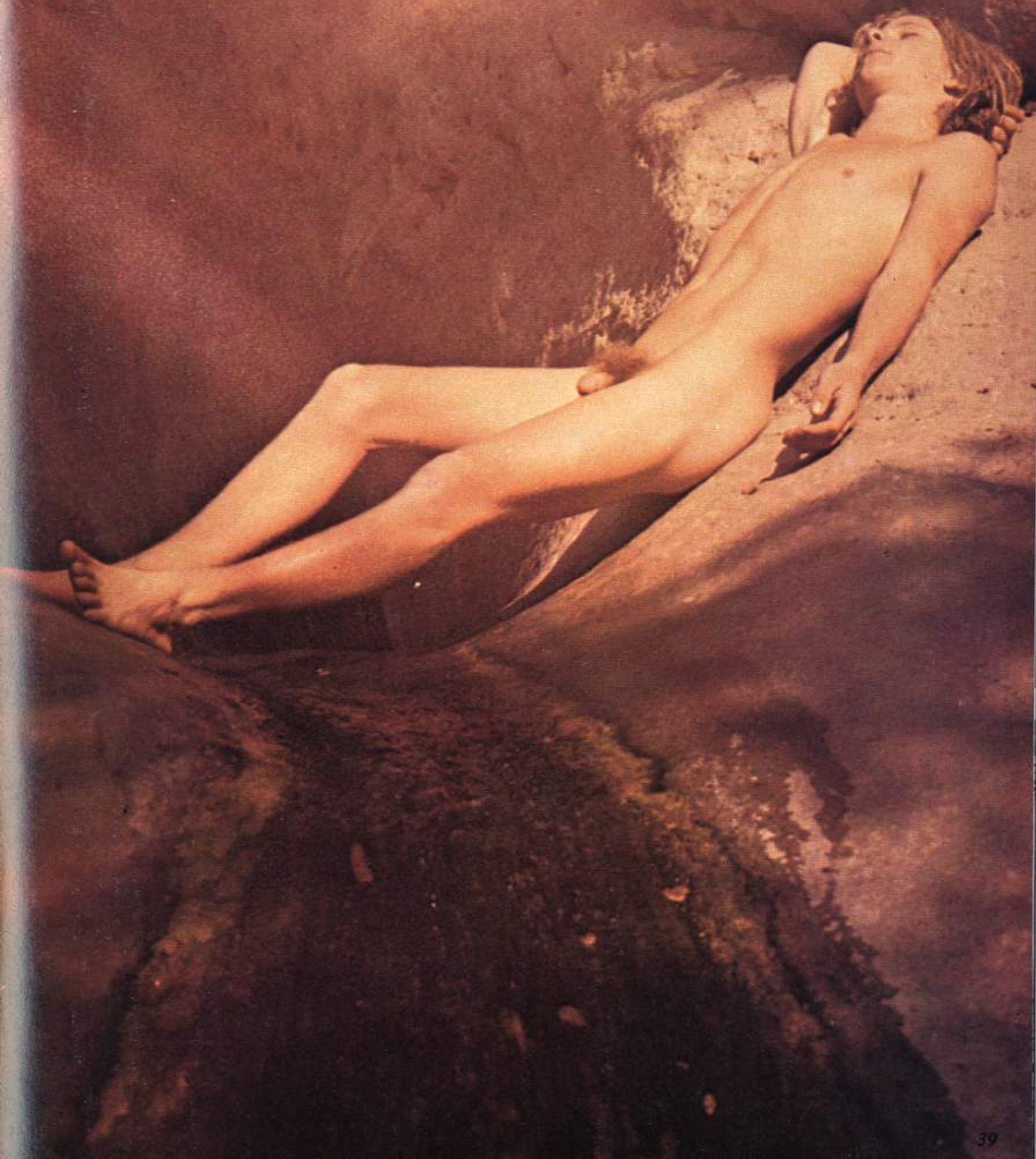
*Should I try to love you
as we be lovers
and if love fails
will we grow away from
each other
or should I stay and
accept
the pieces and parts that
are together
as in friendship
in hopes someday
they may become whole*

Writer To A Friend

*Don't run away
because you expect from me
that which is you
your small world
can become overcrowded
feelings need space to
grow*

A Part of Love

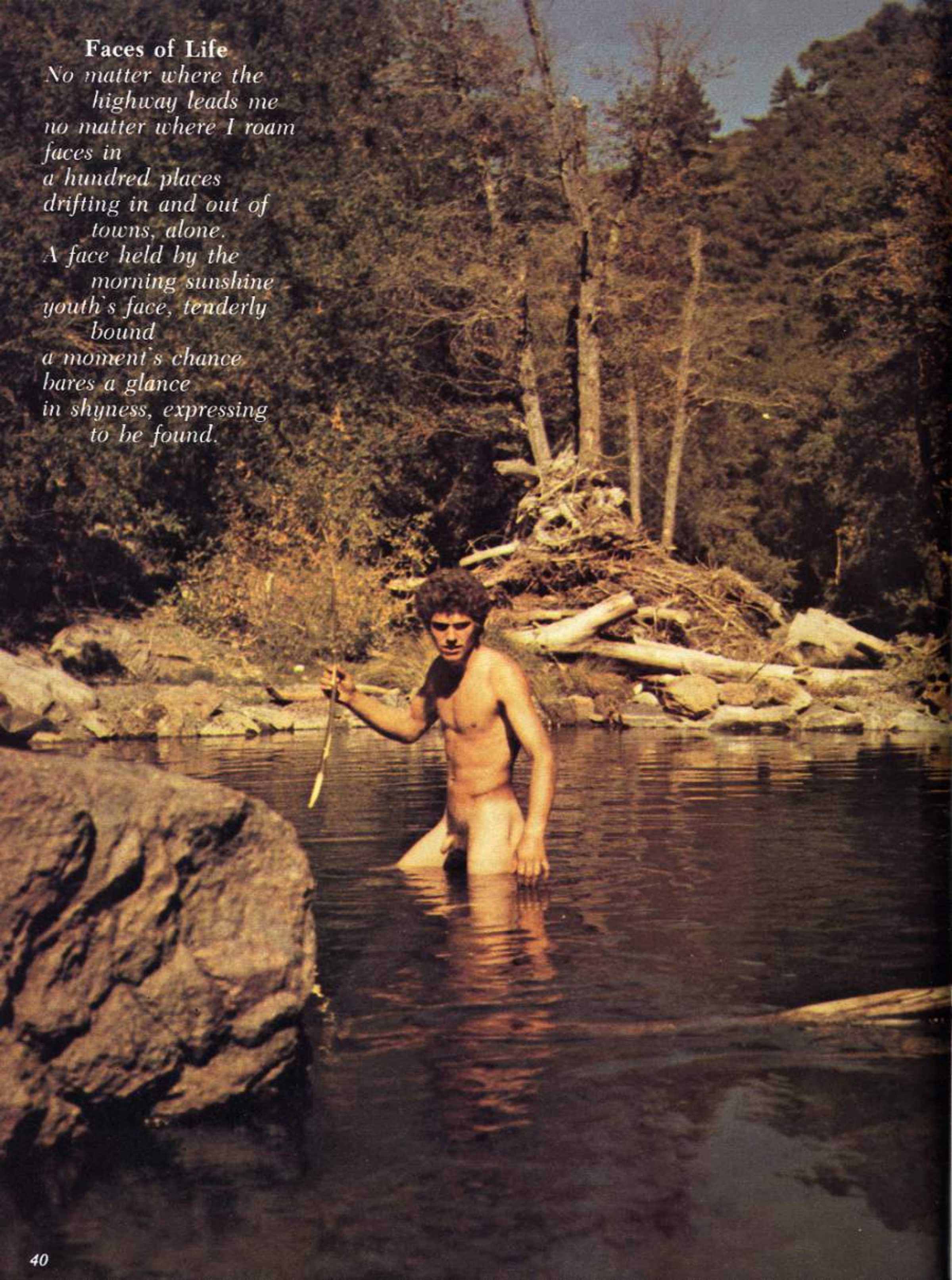
*Real to me is my lover
yet a fantasy, misplaced
yet a dream, unfulfilled
displaced in the antiquity
of another time . . .
another civilization.*



Faces of Life

*No matter where the
highway leads me
no matter where I roam
faces in
a hundred places
drifting in and out of
towns, alone.*

*A face held by the
morning sunshine
youth's face, tenderly
bound
a moment's chance
bares a glance
in shyness, expressing
to be found.*



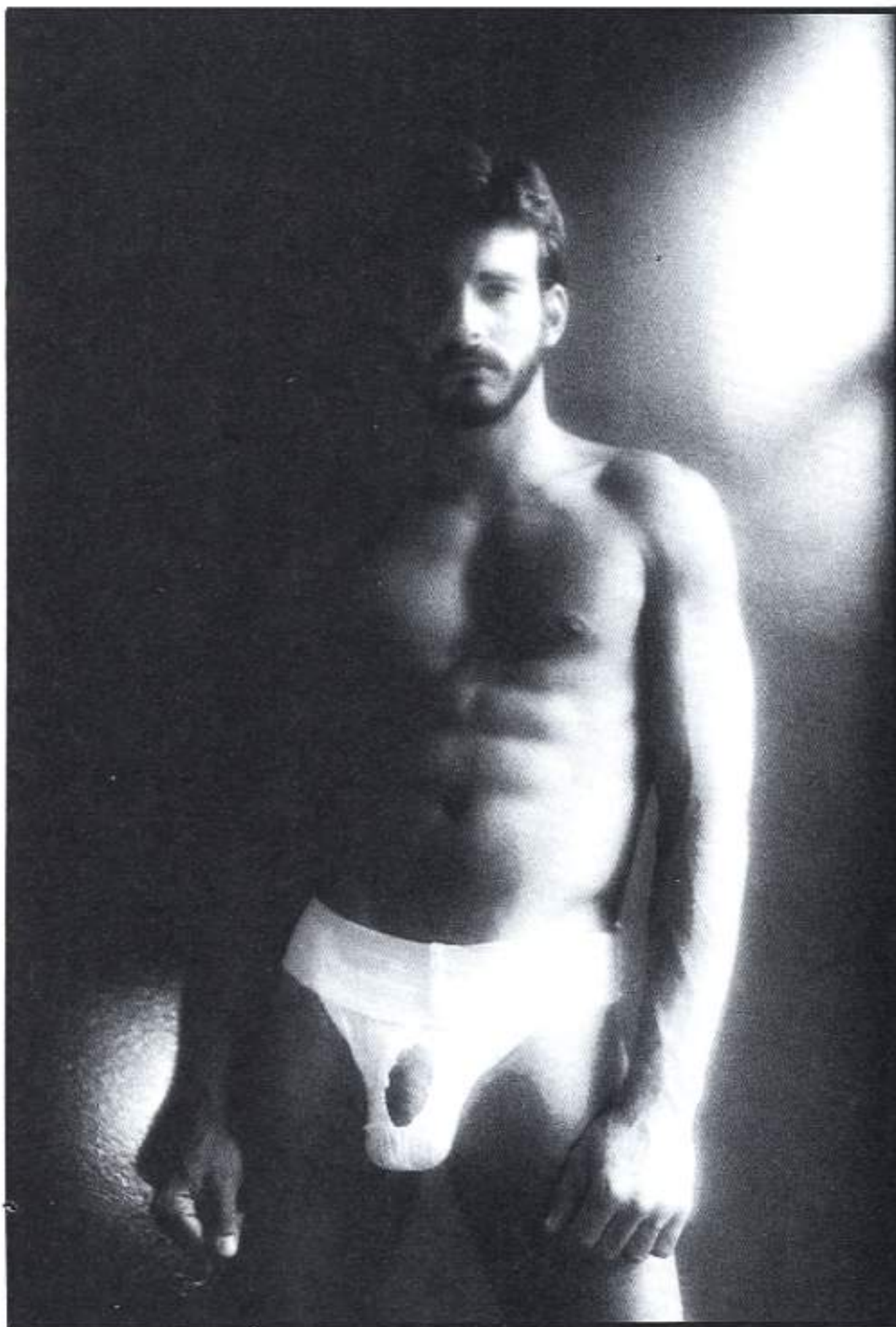
Your Independence

*Get up young man
Do not cower with the rest
Do not shield your human
emotions
For the weapons of thier
words
Cannot penetrate a strong
resolution.
Stand up . . . With Pride
Renounce their threats
And proclaim your
independence
Become a new breed of
man.*



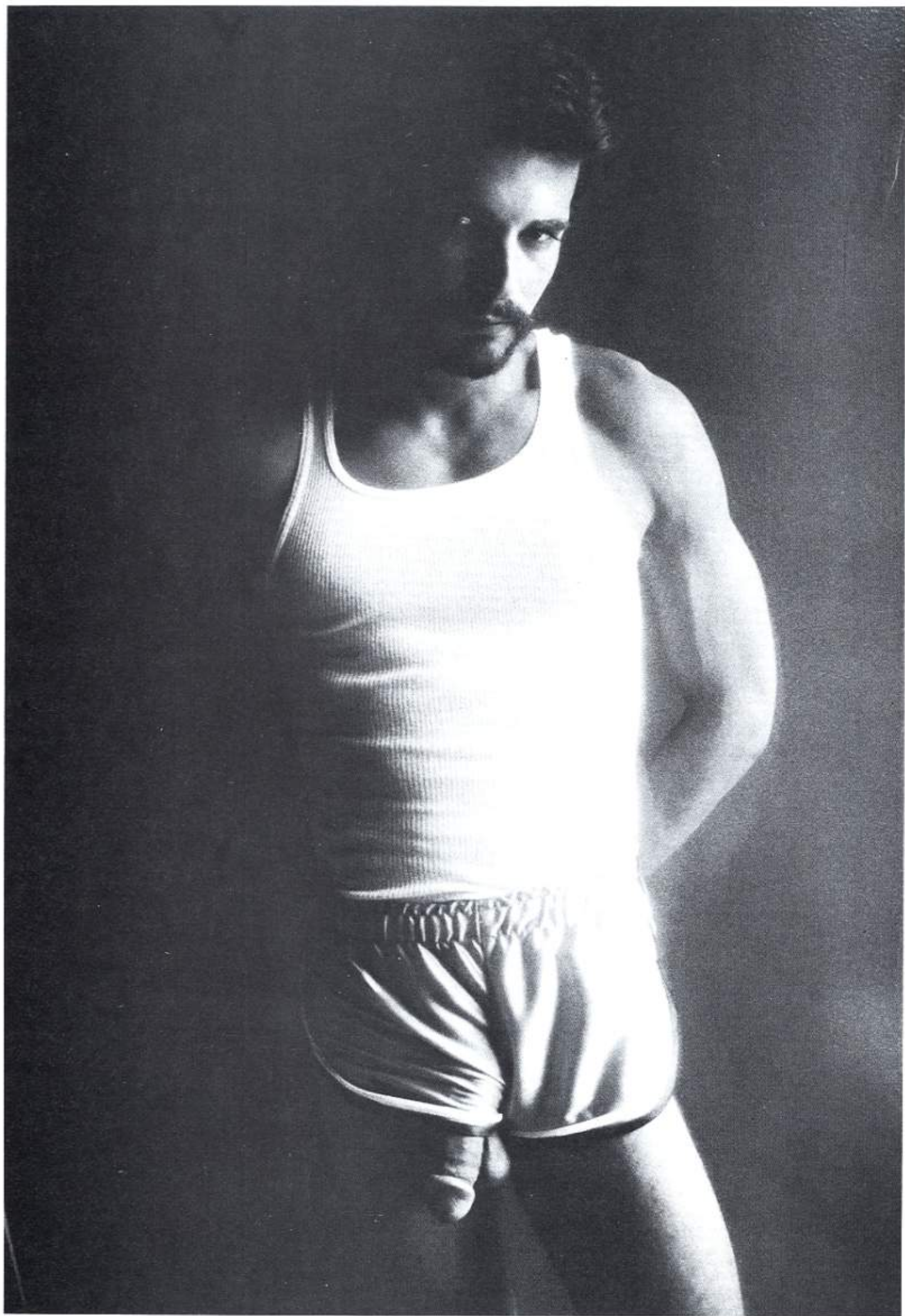


AL PARKER

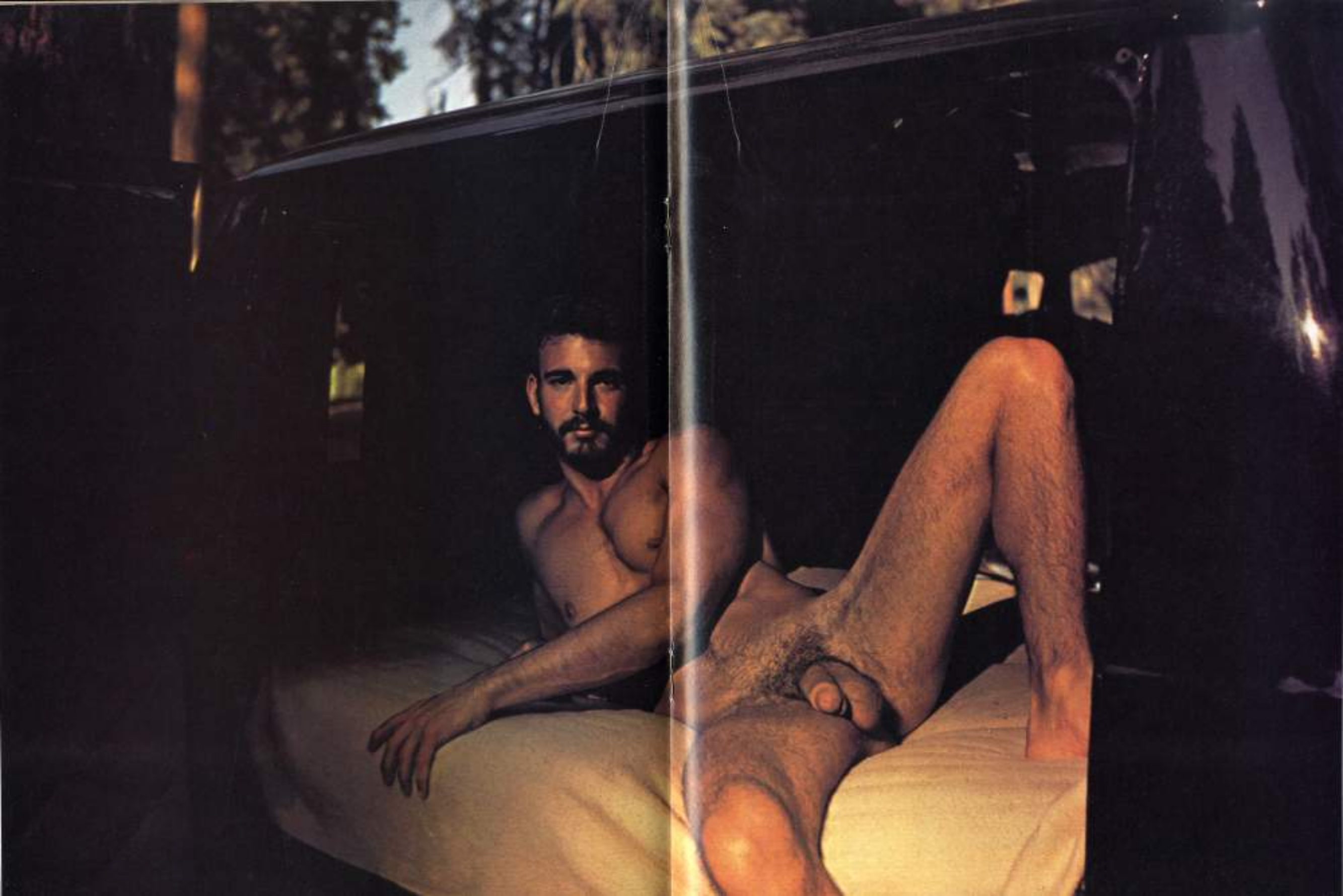


Al Parker. His photogenic face and torso and . . . has captivated fans in the offerings of Colt, Falcon and Brentwood, and he's bound to captivate *IN TOUCH* readers in this exclusive photo study here and in our next special edition. Parker, a 24-year-old, brown-eyed Cancer, former Boston University student and New York City resident, is now happily living in Southern California when he's not traveling around the world learning photography. "I want to become a well-known . . . no, a well-respected photographer," he laughs, but if he learns how to take pictures like this, he can work for us anytime. He keeps his 5'10", 150 lb. body in shape with lots of exercise and "lots of sex," and we'll go along with that.



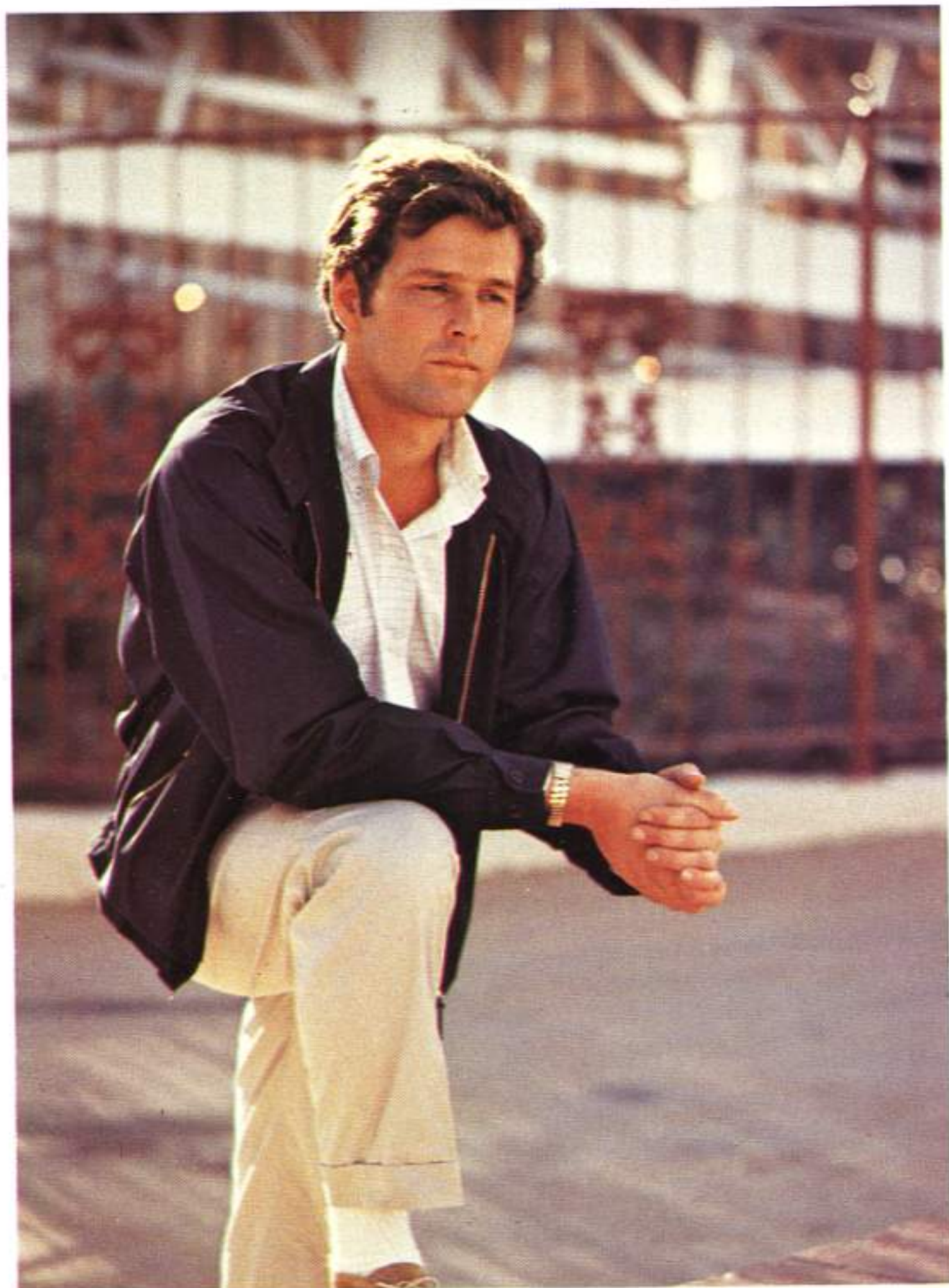






ON TOP OF TIMOTHY BOTTOMS

By STEVE WARREN



Playing a rape victim (TV's "The Moneychangers") and an extortionist (Universal's *Rollercoaster*) are the career highlights of Timothy Bottoms' 26th year. Socially, he seems to be emerging cautiously from the shell that characterized his early years in the business.

Bottoms earned his actor's stripes at Santa Barbara High School, even before he thought of turning it into a career. "I enjoyed acting," he says, "but never thought I could make a living out of it."

"I thought I'd be a veterinarian, because I always liked animals. I repeated 10th grade because I was confused about my values; but that turned out to be a good thing, because it gave me another year of theatre."

A member of the Santa Barbara Madrigal Society, he studied singing and dancing for four years. In his teens, he had roles in "West Side Story," "The Happy Time," "Carnival," "The King and I," "Oliver" and "Brigadoon," but it was as Romeo that he attracted the most attention. Even in New York, actor-producer-director-teacher John Houseman, who would later co-star with Bottoms in *The Paper Chase*, heard about that performance.

When he graduated, he was set to audition to study acting under Houseman at the Juilliard School at Lincoln Center; but he passed it up to make his first film, the title role in Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun*, from his 1939 anti-war novel. "Johnny" had had just about everything shot off, but enough was sent back to be kept alive in the

hospital as a grim reminder of the horrors of war. Flashbacks allowed Bottoms to act with his entire body.

His next two pictures found him making love to older women — Cloris Leachman in *The Last Picture Show* and Maggie Smith in *Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing*.

As Bottoms recalls, he was the first one Peter Bogdanovich cast in *The Last Picture Show*: "Then one day Peter said, 'I've found the girl to play Jacy,' and he showed me a magazine with Cybill Shepherd on the cover. He didn't know her . . . then, but he decided she'd be Jacy."

I first met Timothy Bottoms in 1973, when he was reluctantly touring on behalf of his 4th film, *The Paper Chase*, James Bridges' comedy-drama about a Harvard law student and his relationships — academic and romantic, respectively — with a professor (John Houseman) and his daughter (the pre-Bionic Lindsay Wagner).

Bottoms was shy and difficult to talk to, especially in the round table press conference that had been arranged. At the time I wrote, "Tim's eyes seemed to tell each interviewer that he could only reveal himself on a one-to-one basis."

When we met again last fall, on the set of his latest picture, *Rollercoaster*, I was struck by how much he had loosened up. Though hardly as glib as co-star, George Segal, he spoke with relative ease, whether to one reporter or several.

He had made 7 more films in the meantime — three theatrical, three for TV and one — *Operation Daybreak* — which played European theatres but was sold directly to



The Paper Chase, 1973



Rollercoaster, 1977



A Small Town In Texas, 1976

cable TV here.

The TV movies — "Look Homeward Angel," "The Story of David" and "The Moneychangers" — were well-received; the others — *The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder*, *The White Dawn* and *A Small Town in Texas* — weren't spectacular at the boxoffice.

Bottoms is proud of *Dawn*, an esoteric pic about shipwrecked sailors rescued by Eskimos. To emphasize the culture shock, much of the dialogue is in Eskimo, only partially subtitled. He feels it could have found an audience, with the proper promotion: "But Marty (producer Ransohoff) got sick and couldn't do it."

Among the roles that got away, Bottoms lists Richard Dreyfuss' part in *Jaws*, citing artistic differences: "I would have liked to do it, but not the way it was done," he says. "I would have had him in a sailboat or something, closer to the ocean. Steven (director Spielberg) went along with it, but the producers didn't."

The Bottoms family includes three brothers — Joseph, 22 (see *IN TOUCH* No. 21); Sam, 20; and Ben, 15 — all of whom have been or will be seen in movies. Timothy has always been close to them, and to their parents, who were divorced a few years ago.

"When my parents got divorced," he says, "I gave them each a gift. I had \$20,000 at the time and I gave them each \$10,000. They supported me, now I want to support them."

Bottoms says he "grew up with people making fun of my name," but he never seriously considered changing it. "I'm proud of it. They asked me to change it when I came to Hollywood and I said, Okay, call me 'Hairy Bottoms' or 'Rosy Bottoms'."

Married to singer-composer Alicia Cory, he still lives in Santa Barbara; but he'd rather not publicize it. "I don't like telling people where I live. It's grown so much in the last 5 years. I talk about how good it is and everybody moves there. So I'd rather tell people I live in Connecticut."

Although he was an assassin (war-time variety) in *Operation Daybreak* and served time in prison in "The Moneychangers" (where he was raped) and *A Small Town in Texas* (where he wasn't), he's playing a villain for the first time in *Rollercoaster*. He's a brilliant, if demented, extortionist who blows up a passenger-packed ride in an amusement park and threatens more unless he gets a million bucks.

George Segal is the building and safety inspector who has to stop him. Richard Widmark is an FBI man and Henry Fonda is Segal's boss. Distinguished company; but Bottoms, true to his "loner" image, rarely shares the screen with any of them.

Of playing his first villain, he says, "It's fun, but it feels bad."

The script for *Rollercoaster* is by Richard Levinson and William Link, who wrote "That Certain Summer," TV's first positive treatment of a gay relationship. The 3rd picture in Sen-

surround, *Rollercoaster* is the first for which the supersounds have been recorded live.

The movie is scheduled for release in time for summer vacations, and may effect amusement parks the way *Jaws* did beaches two years ago. With Bottoms in a role comparable to the shark's, it could make him the hottest thing since "Roots."

But as he's learned, stardom has drawbacks. "It costs me \$2,000 a year to drive a car," he complains, "and I just drive a Jeep. It might as well be a Lamborghini — I'm paying for it! . . . I'm considered a high insurance risk because of who I am."

"If I were known as 'Jack Hollywood,' then 'Timothy Bottoms' could be a student or something and pay \$200."

But, all things considered, he likes his chosen profession; and that's the Bottoms line.



The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder, 1974

STALKING BACK OF THE WOODS NEW HAMPSHIRE

By BOB LaRIVIERE

There are two reasons for New Hampshire's lack of "gay community" — the state's extremely rural nature and its ultraconservative and reactionary political climate. Of course, many other areas of the country are just as rural and conservative, but in New Hampshire's case these two elements seem to bolster and reinforce each other so that interaction between the state's gay men is pretty difficult.

The state has a total of four (yes, **four!**) gay bars and, considering the relatively libertarian atmospheres of the neighboring states of Vermont, Maine and Massachusetts, New Hampshire sometimes seems to resemble a homophile desert.

New Hampshire has a population of about 500,000, mostly in the southern part of the state, along the Massachusetts / New Hampshire border. Three of those four gay bars are located in Manchester, a city of 100,000 in the southern central part of the state, with the fourth bar in Portsmouth, 60 miles east.

Since both Manchester and Portsmouth are large cities by New Hampshire standards, they are logical locales for the gay bars, but what happens to the gay men in

It may be rural and ultraconservative, but if you look you can find the lumberjacks.

northern or western parts of the state? Unless they're willing to drive, often as far as 100 miles, just to spend a few hours in a Manchester or Portsmouth bar, they're out of luck.

A gay bar in this state must be officially registered as a "private club," and must keep complete records of the names and addresses of its members and "guests." The state Liquor Commission has decided to limit the state to four gay bars (the commission apparently likens

gay bars to communists or crabs: "Once they get a toehold, the affliction spreads like wildfire!"). So any bars wanting gay patrons can't advertise, and must rely solely upon word-of-mouth to get going.

A bar in northern New Hampshire recently decided to open up to gays and, since it's in the town where I went to college, I wanted to know more about its new policy. When I was an undergraduate, this bar was popular with the local hunters and skmobilers, but its attempts to draw the town's college students never worked. So it decided to try attracting gays and, ironically, it "goes gay" only on Thursday nites, on an experimental basis.

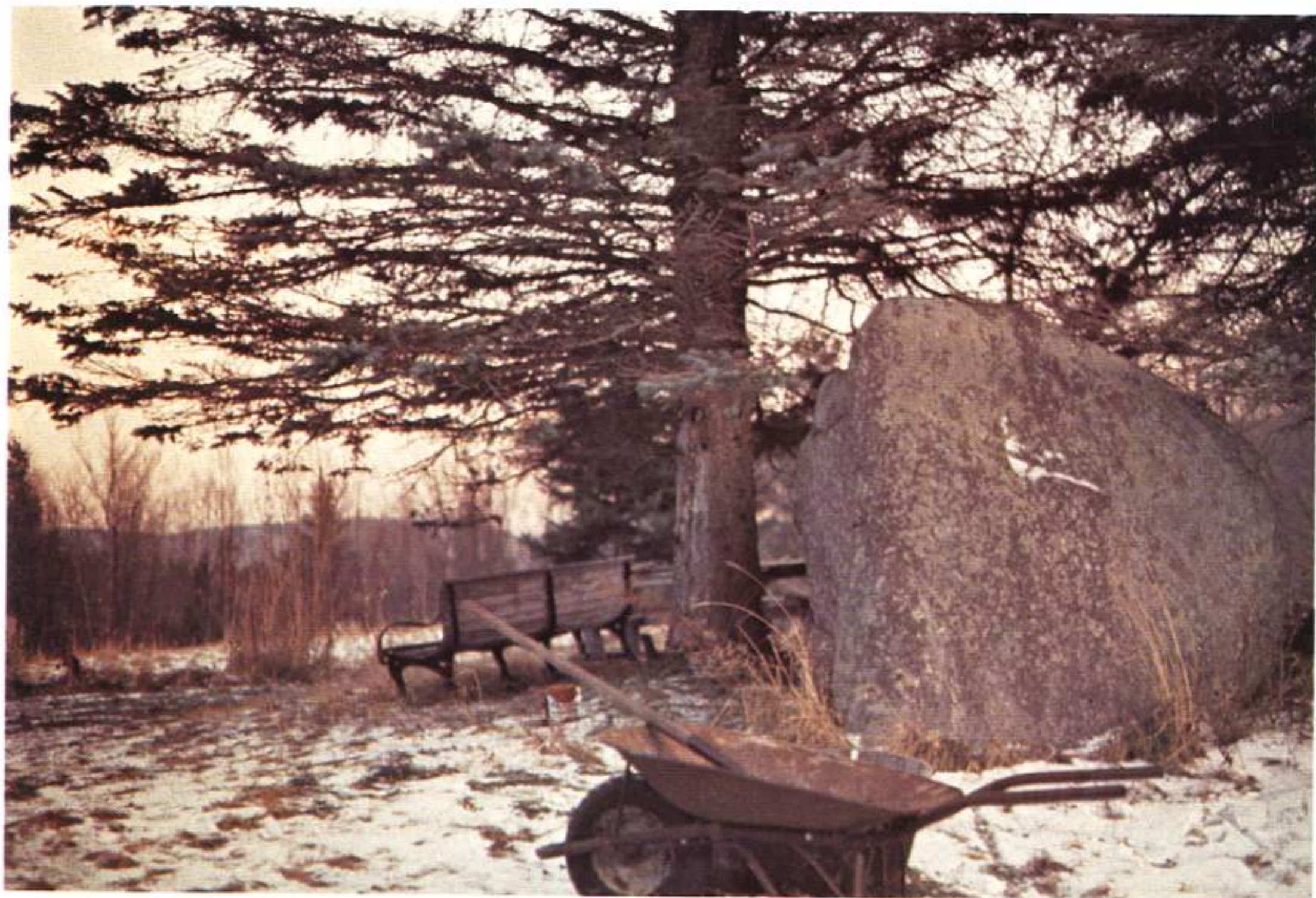
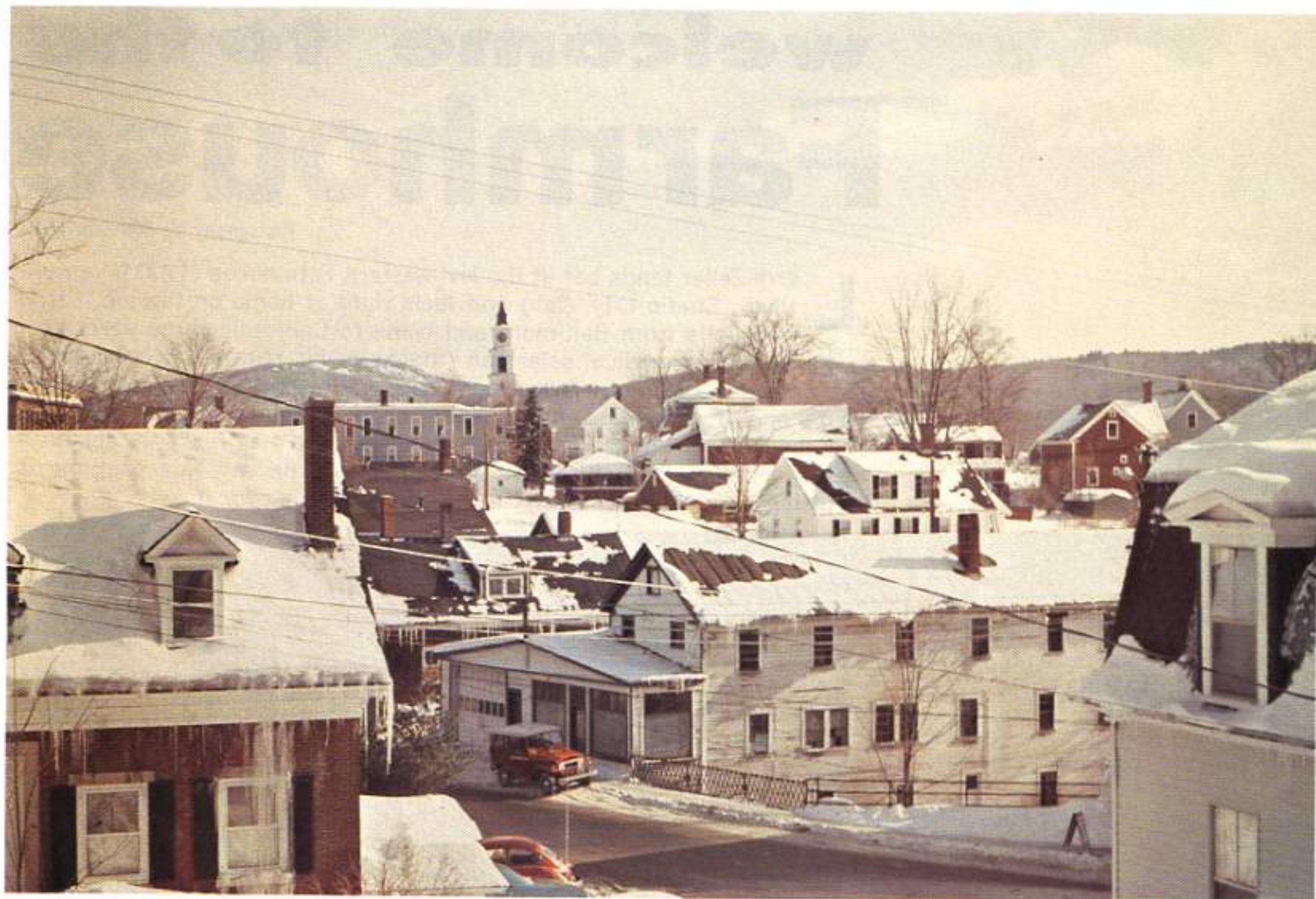
The fact that there's now a gay bar in northern New Hampshire is a small, but positive step, since it could serve gay men who don't want to travel 60 miles to Manchester or 100 miles to Portsmouth. Since it's in a college town and an area where many "counter culture" types live, the bar might just make it, but I doubt it. It can't advertise, and will probably have squawking from the locals who won't be elated to find a "queer bar" situated so near to their elementary school.

Tourism is the state's big industry, and the White Mountains in the north has several famous ski resorts. The influx of thousands of out-of-state skiers noticeably increases gay activity in the state. (During ski season, even the Manchester bars notice an increase in out-of-state "guests.") The bars and lounges in these ski complexes are obviously "singles bars," but lots of gay men frequent them. All gay intrigue in the ski lodges must be discreet, of course, but the combination of near-zero weather, plentiful booze and apres ski camaraderie all help loosen things up a bit.

While this "semi gay" atmosphere during ski season may be a boon to some gays in northern New Hampshire, it's still an imperfect solution to the state's gay social environment. Who wants to spend his time and money at a ski lodge trying to figure out who is whom (or what)? Most gay men would prefer a gay bar, where they can, instead, get down to business.

The colleges in New Hampshire would appear to provide a natural central focus for the development of some form of gay community but, alas, this isn't the case. The Universi-

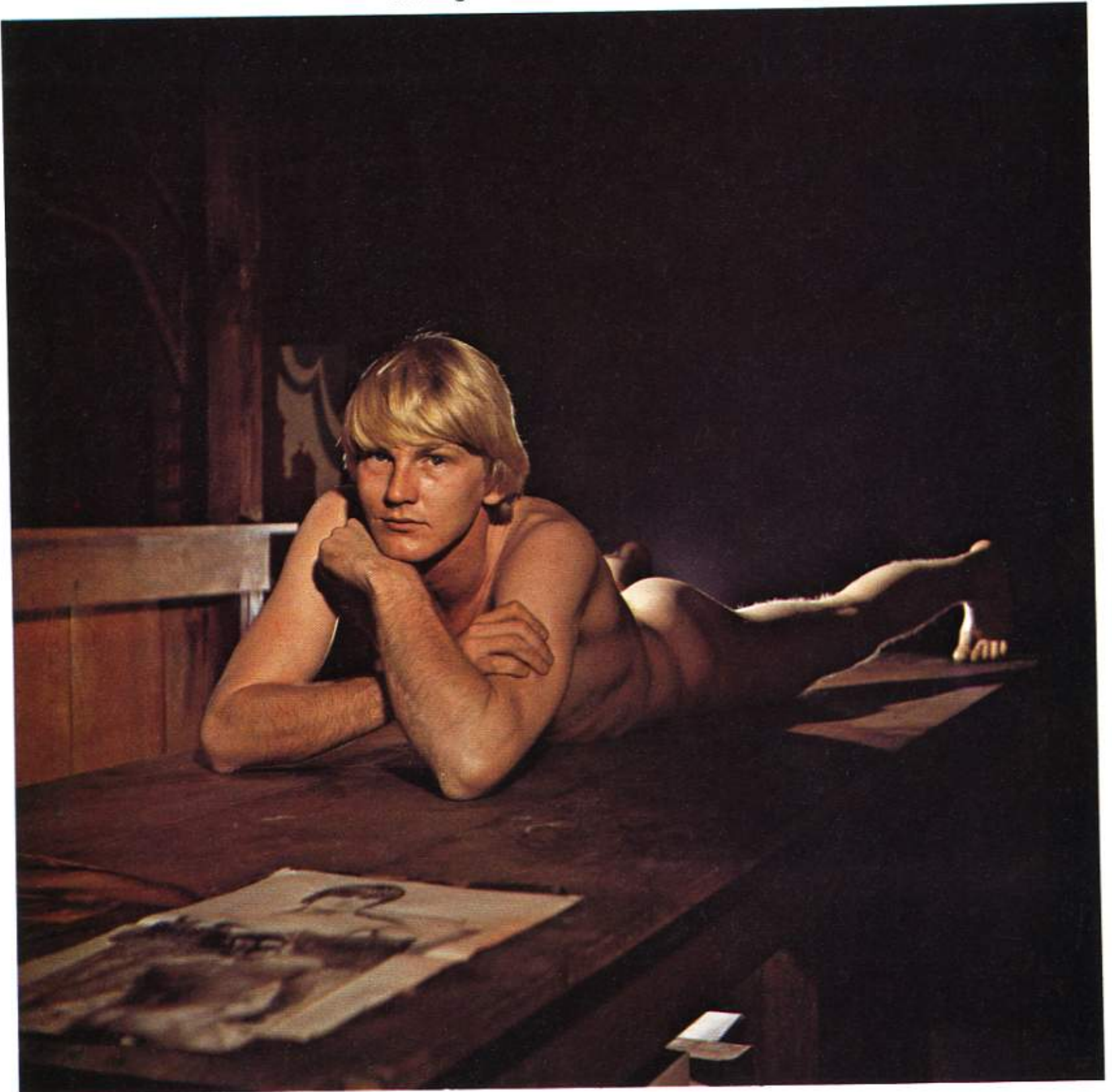
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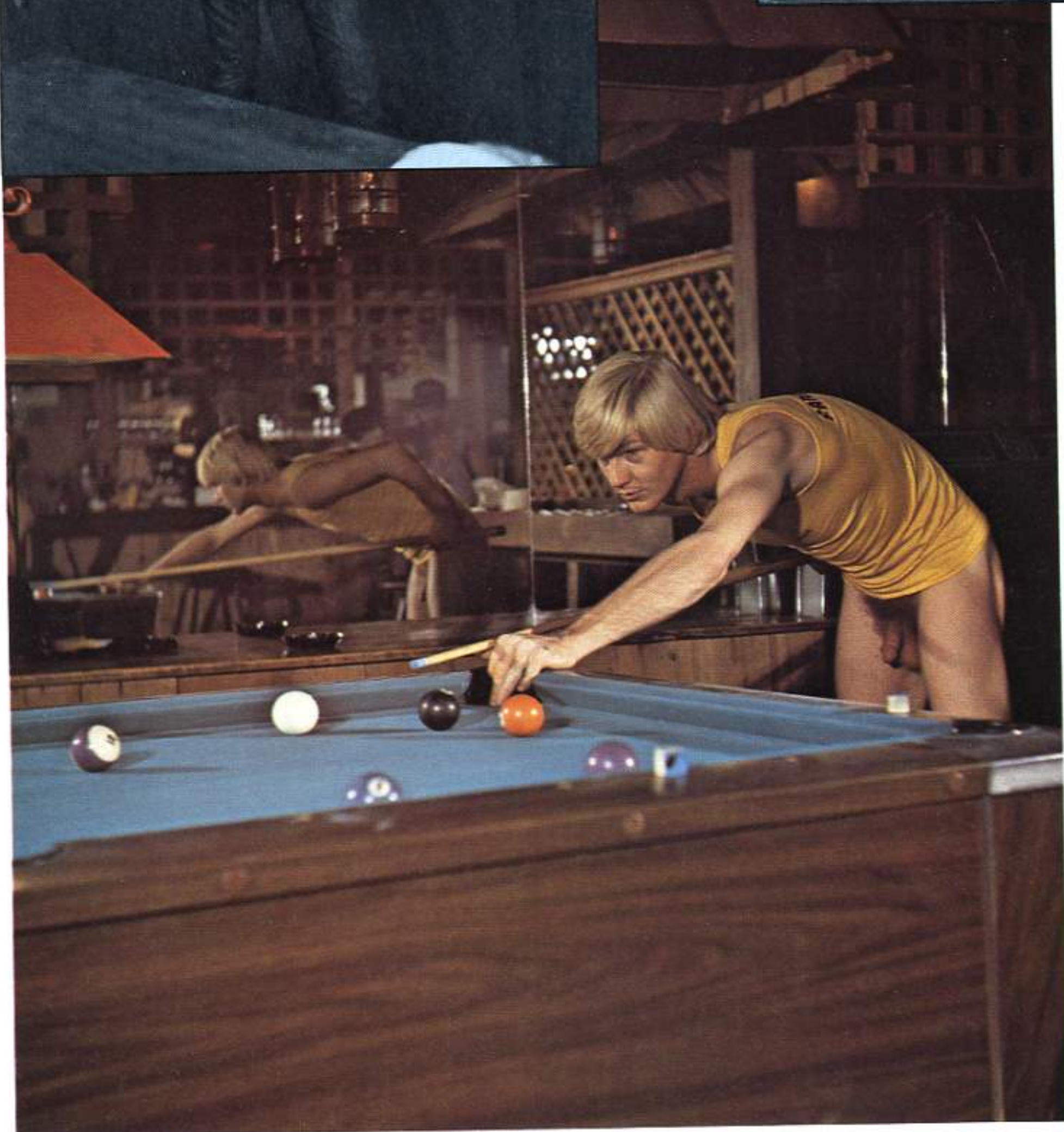
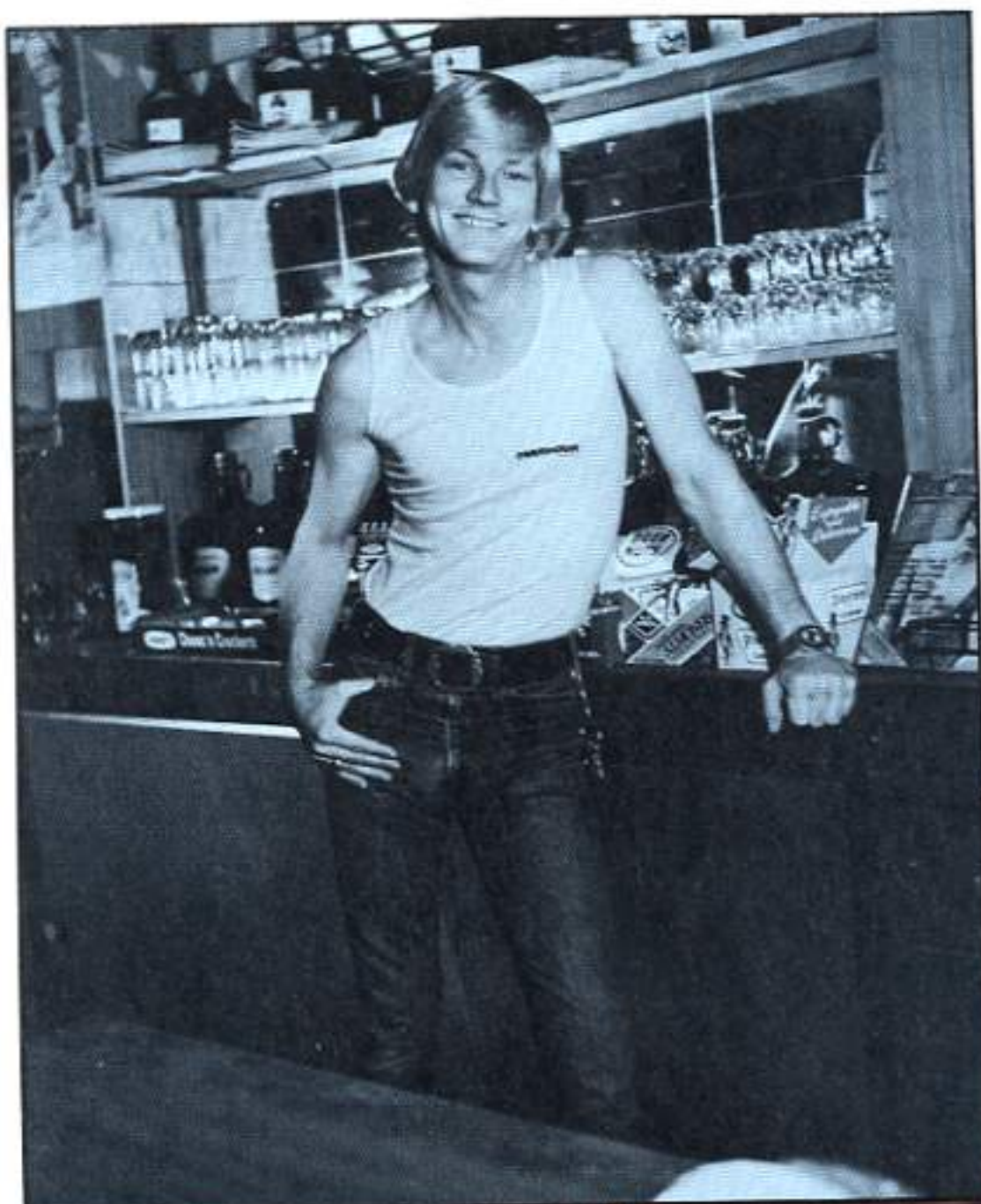
welcome to the Farmhouse

Photography by BOB GUNTNER

Larry Zeller tends bar at the levi-western Farmhouse (12319 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, Cal.) and feels right at home on the job. Larry, who hails from Baltimore and came to California three years ago, works days as a medical salesman (thanks to his stint as a Navy medic) and nites as a barkeep for owner Doug Andrews who obviously knows what's good for business. An Aquarian, Larry is a strapping fellow (at 6'2, 170 lbs.) who belongs to a motorcycle club and has his eyes set on a 1200cc Harley Hog right now. Besides biking, he says his pasttime is "cruising" and he's obviously in the perfect setting for it.







PEOPLEPEOPLEPEOPLEPEO

Robin Maugham

By Peter Burton

(Maugham's new short story *DRUMS* appears on page 30 of this issue)

Born in 1916, Robert Cecil Romer Maugham, Second Viscount Maugham of Hartfield, better known as novelist and playwright Robin Maugham, grew up in a world of town and country houses, servants to rival anything seen in "Upstairs, Downstairs," and with two important and powerful men as close relations. His father, Frederick, the first Viscount Maugham, was a busy and successful lawyer who eventually rose to the very top of his profession as Lord Chancellor of England for the Neville Chamberlain government. Robin's uncle was even more impressive — novelist, playwright, essayist, and short story writer supreme, W. Somerset Maugham.

Robin's father wanted him to follow in his own footsteps and take up a career in the Law. But while he was at Cambridge, Robin decided to become a writer. His first play was staged when he was at Cambridge, his first short stories appeared in the university magazines. His father disapproved — but it was World War II which decided Robin's career. While fighting, in tanks, in the Western Desert, he sustained head injuries which made it difficult for him to remember the necessary convolutions of the Law. When he was in hospital in Cairo that his doctor suggested he write his wartime experiences down — as a kind of therapy. The result was Robin's war memoir *Come to Dust*, published in 1945 and (in England) still in print.

From that point, Robin never looked back. His first novel was *The Servant* — a short book with a subtle gay undertone — which later served as the basis for the Losey/Dirk Bogarde film. A series of highly successful novels, travel books, stage and screenplays have followed. Besides *The Servant*, three of his books have been filmed: *The Intruder* (with Jack Hawkins), *The Rough and the Smooth* (with William Bendix) and *The Black Tent*.

The nephew of W. Somerset, with his explicit gay autobiography behind him, settles on the English coast to write again.

More recently he has published a series of novels and autobiographies which have been frankly homosexual. His book *The Wrong People*, a gay thriller, was published in London in 1969 — and while doing a BBC television interview Robin admitted that he was bisexual but that he "preferred boys to girls."

Shortly after, he published his frank and explicit gay autobiography *Escape From the Shadows*. More recently he has published a novel set in Palestine just before the ministry of Christ, *The Sign*, a sequel to his autobiography called *Search For Nirvana* — in which he discusses his search for peace and physical and mental contentment, and *Knock on Teak*, his first comic novel.

Now 60, with diabetes, shrapnel in the head, and a heart condition, Robin Maugham, one of the first of the British tax exiles, has returned to life in England. For several years he maintained a luxury villa on the Spanish island of Ibiza, and an apartment in Geneva. An inveterate traveller — as likely to pop up in Bombay, Tangier, New York, or Sydney, he's at present settling down again to life in England. He has just purchased a large house on the Brighton sea front and there he will work on his next novel. Robin's search for nirvana has taken him around the world — it is, perhaps, ironic that he should have found happiness at the very place he started from.



Photo by Mike Gill

Doric Wilson

By DON SHEWEY

Since his play "And He Made a Her" opened at the Caffe Cino in 1960, Doric Wilson has been a well-known playwright and director Off-Off-Broadway. In '74 he founded The Other Side of Silence (TOSOS), the 1st theatre in New York committed to an open and honest exploration of gay lifestyles. And though TOSOS recently died a financial death, Wilson will undoubtedly keep making his presence felt in N.Y.'s theatre scene.

As a person, Wilson is not "sort of" anything — he is extremely bright, well-read, opinionated, headstrong, garrulous, and energetic. And even tho I got him out of bed at the ungodly hour of noon, he managed to speak vigorously on several topics, and his comments follow.

IT: How did you actually start TOSOS?

DW: "I was always in OOB, and I was always planning someday to start my own theatre. I got into the bar business, as a bartender, to get the money to support a theatre. When Stonewall happened, I was helping to start the Circle Repertory Theatre. There were a lot of gays up at Circle, and finally there was a viable, visible gay movement starting, and I got involved in it. I would run back and forth from the Circle to GLF and then GAA, and I began to realize I didn't like the schizophrenia that was going down. No, we didn't like "Boys in the Band," but on the other hand those of us who were creative did not like the idea of censorship, particularly in a society that is as essentially free as this one. The more I thought about "Boys in the Band," the more I wondered, 'Why aren't gays who are creative making some gay statement?' I thought there should be a place that authors and artists who want to deal with their gayness can have it done, and done well, away from the marketplace where sensationalism is the rule of the day.

"But we've got a long way to go. When you say gay theatre, the first word that goes down is gay; if you said black theatre, the first word would be theatre, defined by black. For instance, we've run into an irony down at the theatre — most of the actors who come in and try out for gay parts are straight actors. Their

gay equivalent is petrified of what happens to you usually in this business when you do a gay role and you're not straight. The irony of that is that the agents and the producers are almost exclusively gay in this city. Their own self-hatred, for want of a better term, makes them dismiss their gay brothers.

"Take 'Chorus Line' — that's basically the work of a number of gay people. Those same gay people, if you say gay theatre to them, it immediately means second-rate, because gay is somehow second-rate. When I started this theatre, the first response from many people was 'Gay has nothing to do with my art, gay is what I do when I go to bed.' This is exactly what I mean — and I'm not dismissing sex at all, I like it a great deal, I'm very promiscuous — but as long as we define ourselves only sexually, then we are also going to have a slight puritanism about sex and so a

slight dismissal of any public statement of our gayness.

"I think it stems from our own tendency to deal with people from a purely sexual point of view — 'you interest me because I'm also turned on to you' / 'you don't interest me because I'm not turned on to you.' Or the reverse — 'Oh-oh, are you turned on to me? Therefore I'm going to be defensive.' Until that's cleared out, we're never going to be able to fight the real battle of straight oppression."

IT: Do you have any idea what the ideal gay play would be?

DW: "It's up to the writer what that is."

IT: Do you have any guidelines for it?

DW: "Yes, I would like to have a gay Shakespeare, a gay Chekhov, a gay Beckett — and I could go down the list, have them write me their gay experience to the best of their ability



Photo by Avery Willard

died a financial death,

and let me do it."

IT: What would the plays be like?

DW: "I have no idea. Shakespeare's would have a lot of action. Beckett's wouldn't. (Laughs) What can I say? We're not talking about formula. I would love, for instance, to have a Russian writer write me a play about what it's like to be gay in Russia right now in the Chekhov style. England has an awful lot of interesting plays, it's been dealt with better. Take Joe Orton — 'What the Butler Saw' is the first play we've done so far that has absolutely no gay characters. Yet in a funny way it's one of the gayest things we've done. The consciousness behind the writing is very homosexual; and I don't mean because it's witty. Dryden was witty and he was not gay."

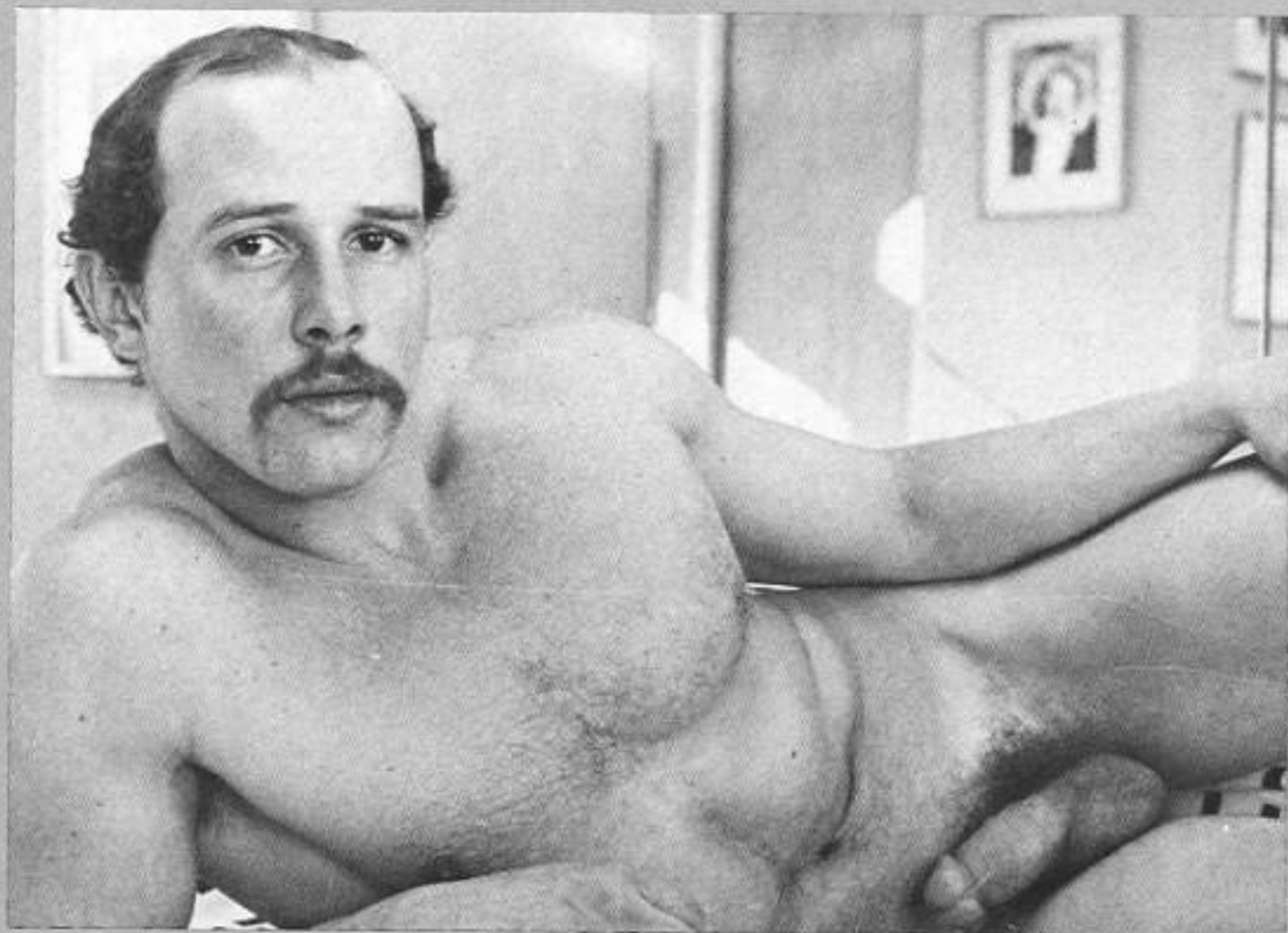
"Yet I have a funny feeling that no gay theatre is ever going to be deadly serious. I've never thought this through, but I have an instinct that treating things so seriously is essentially born out of heterosexual phenomena and has to do with the kind of lives that have to be created in a society built on the nuclear family living in a social structure which includes poverty and other things. Then any friction that those things cause is going to be treated very, very dramatically by the people involved. And in fact gays, from their freedom of choice, are given the right of a sense of objectivity, which allows us a sense of humor."

"I think subjectivity in the arts is essentially a heterosexual phenomenon, even when it's done by a homosexual such as Tennessee Williams, and that the artist who draws back from the society, is not part of the society, has an objective and a comic affirmative, because he has to develop a sense of humor."

"That's why Shakespeare is neither gay nor straight — his objectivity is that of a man not trapped in society, who left and got away from the nuclear family."

"I don't know what all that has to do with — I guess it does have to do with gay theatre. The perfect gay play is a very objective play that does not take for granted sexual roles or society roles, and therefore is ironic, if not comic. Almost has to be."

H. Jones Baker III



Photography by Jeff Blake

By Frank Akers

The successful Washington, D.C., playwright who will pose at the drop of a brief.

In a scene from Martin Duberman's "Payments," an aging alcoholic woman wistfully watches the play's hunky hero leaving a neighborhood bar. "Ahhh, the legs . . . the legs . . ." she sighs.

Of course, one look at Washington playwright H. Jones Baker III will show that more than the legs are "eat - your - heart - outable" about him. It's even more than arms, chest, buns, the . . . ETCETERA. Baker is a very complete man who knows how to navigate his life, adroitly steering clear of those reefs most call "hangups."

At the tender age of 22, he has wrought 31 plays, some of which have been produced in Baltimore, Washington and Ithaca, N.Y. He is well-read, possessed of great warmth and wonderfully open.

He is also inventive and adventuresome. He paid for his graduate degree by hustling. When the opportunity arose, he "acted" in the porno flick, *Hardhat*, which he claims he still sees occasionally in the quarter arcades. And he is willing to pose in the nude at the drop of a brief.

Although he professes to be "one of the least aggressive" of souls, he

believes in living out fantasies and he does. All of them: sexual, professional and social.

He explodes at once all the conventional stereotypes and keeps pace with his own life. He's aware of his goodlooks enough to use it for fulfilling himself, but he doesn't use it to impress himself or others. He works on his mind and expansive heart.

Having just enjoyed a successful production of his new play, "Gymnasium," in Washington, D.C., last fall, he is now at work on three new plays. And he has his sights set on a future in the political arena.

He's part of a large, rural family . . . a sensitive, supportive unit which made no fuss over the natural emergence of his espousal of a gay lifestyle. Baker's ties to his Howard Co., Maryland, birthplace are strong, and he intends to return there soon to run for local office.

Should that community resist electing a gay leader, success may be a while coming, but he's persistent.

"Ah, that a man's reach should exceed his grasp; Or what's a heaven for?"

(continued on page 70)

WORLD REPORTS

berlin

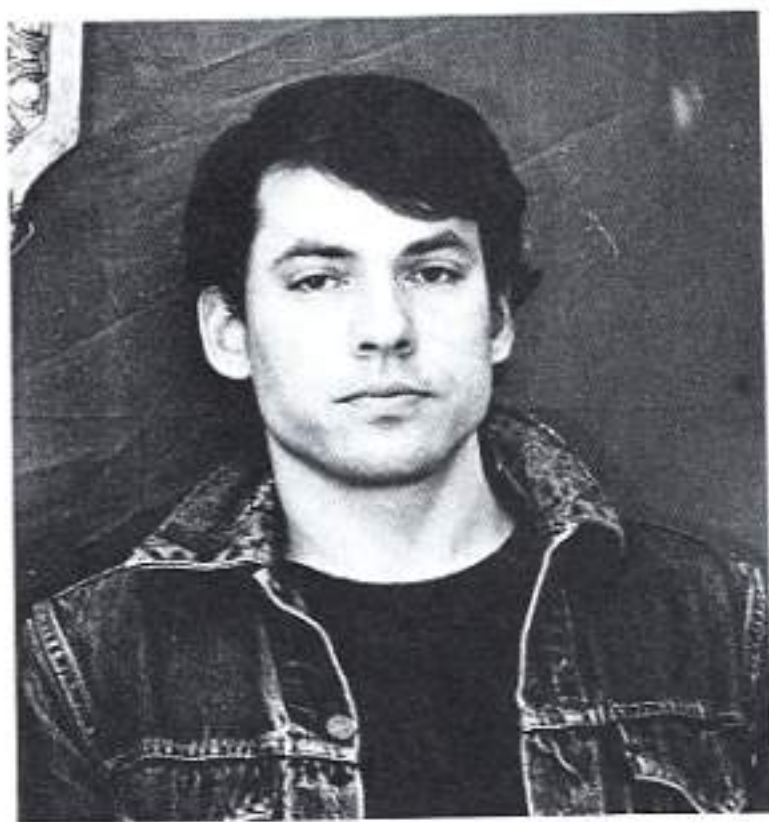
Among German filmmakers he is the only one who has dared to come out of the closet: Rosa von Praunheim. His films materialize as a vehement plea to accept one's otherness and live it out with all its consequences rather than striving to adjust to the standards of middle-class normality.

Born in 1942 as Holger Mischwitzky, he chose his pseudonym when an art student — with Rosa referring to his favorite color (the German word for pink), and Praunheim to the Frankfurt suburb where he was living at that time.

Today he roams the world, with Berlin, New York and Hollywood as his top hunting grounds — as much

The script of this film, together with other stuff like synopses, statements, theatre-sketches, manuscripts, press cuttings, letters, drawings and pictures have now been collected in book form as Rosa von Praunheim, *Sex and Career*, published by Rogner and Bernhard in Munich (\$12).

In the introduction he tells the story of his coming out, of his friends and lovers, of his contempt of the mores of the cultural establishment and of his lust for everything way out — freaks, hippies, superstars, transvestites — though he seems to be terribly afraid of the drug scene. Nor does he hesitate to name his arch enemies like Rainer Werner



Filmmaker Rosa von Praunheim

at home in Berlin's underground as in New York's Eagles Nest or L.A.'s Roman Holiday Baths. His Manhattan residence is the Chelsea Hotel and one can almost be sure to run into him in Christopher Street.

One of the more handsome butch types and very sexy, he made nationwide news when his film, *Not the Homosexual Is Perverse But the Situation in which He Lives, or Happiness at the Lavatory*, outraged German TV spectators — and especially so with his outspokenness in the subsequent discussion, lasting well into the early hours of the morning (after which he was flooded with marriage proposals, both by men and women).

Fassbinder (number one among German movie directors), whom he calls a "blunt, psychoterrorist and frustrated person . . . exactly the type which I have always hated, which for me has nothing to do with life. Nothing is parodied, everything stinks to beastly seriousness — typically Teutonic."

While his movies with their German superstars and their distinct anti-professionalism may not be every gay's cup of film tea, he emerges from the book as a dazzlingly intelligent though frightfully militant fighter for gay freedom and pride.

—Michael Hiller

sydney

Every country's film industry has its superstud and for Australia that person is hunky 36-year-old Jack Thompson with whom, recently, I spent a marvelous day talking on and off the record, knocking back drinks at the Cruising Yacht Club of Sydney, sharing his home life, and sailing around beautiful Sydney Harbour. A memorable time.

At least three of the movies Thompson has starred in — *Mad Dog Morgan*, *Caddie* and *Petersen* — were shown in North America in 1976 as well as a TV series, "Spyforce." So his name is beginning to be bandied around in the States, by new fans and filmmakers. Don't be surprised if he isn't soon starr-



Jack Thompson

ing in an American-made movie.

Though Thompson's public image is that of a brawling, rugged Australian, the private man is quite unlike that. He's a warm, sensitive man with great compassion.

Considering Thompson's public macho image, would he — like Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Rod Steiger and Peter Finch — ever agree to play a homosexual in a film.

"Yes, certainly, I would," he said, "under certain circumstances. A script that was intelligent and with a director that was exciting. I think that I'm as sympathetic to the problems of the homosexual in society as I am for the problems of other minorities within the

(continued on page 74)

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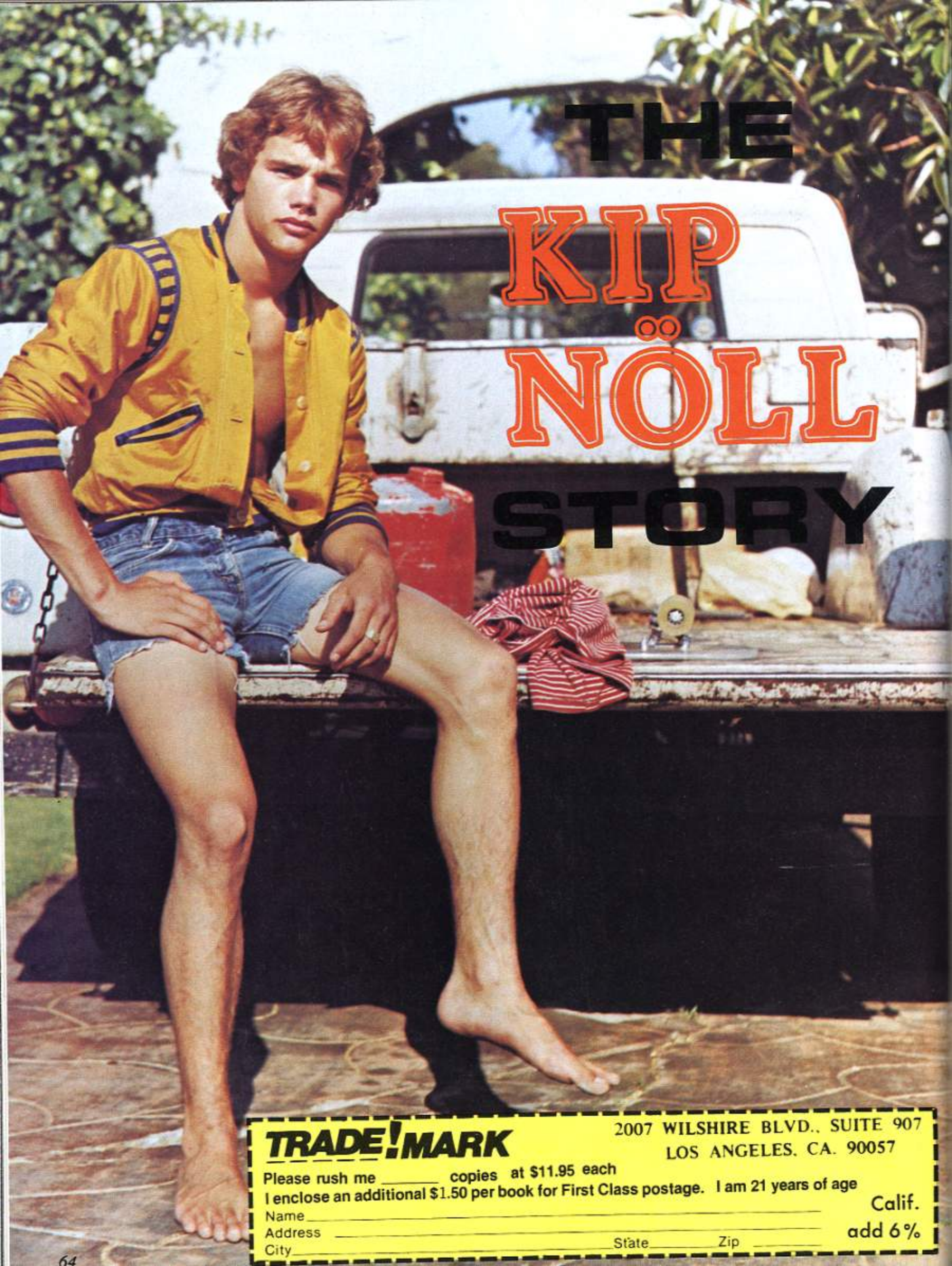
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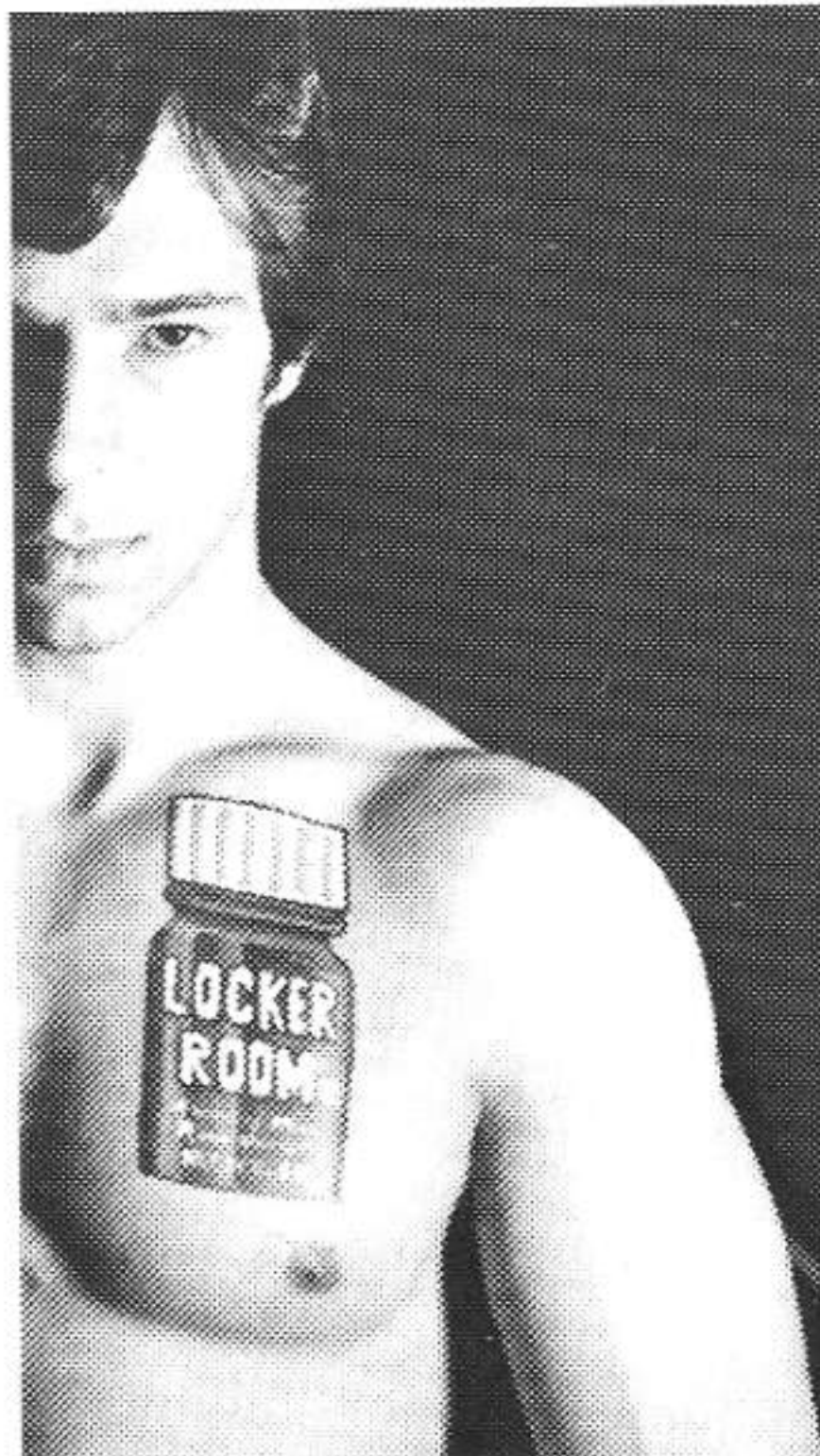
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**PHOTOGRAPHY
BY JIM FRENCH**



Illustration by WIN WELLS

Kepner's Comments

I'd like to discuss a very personal concern of mine.

As we progress on a broad front, our community growing more visible and varied, it's urgent that we preserve the records of our present and past.

Several major gay organizations have folded recently, one after 20 years of fine work. Valuable records and libraries are often lost. Another senior group owning one of the world's finest gay libraries totters near bankruptcy. What'll happen to that library if they go under? In many surviving groups new officers and volunteers have discarded valuable records. After many gays die, their families either burn their "embarrassing" books, artworks and letters or call the junkman.

Collections of obvious value protected by wills and endowments go generally to universities, either to be locked in basements until the will permits disposal, or the gay character of the material is denied or expunged. Rarely does the public have much access.

Jonathan Katz's *Gay American History* showed how crucial our history is to gay spirit. Much of our history still hides in musty closets of ordinary gays. Some has been gathered in individual and organizational libraries — but rarely are sound arrangements made to see that the collection survives the owner's demise — and while our movement goes on, groups do run their course and die.

Dr. Howard Brown died hoping to found a Gay National Archive for

collections assembled by both obscure and illustrious gays — and supported by gay community funding. That project is still on the boards. . . .

The need for such archives — probably several of them — is urgent, as repositories of materials which ought not be lost and as information centers. Every day I receive calls: which cities have gay anti-discrimination bills? When did gays first appear openly on TV? Is there a gay group near Rockford, Ill.? Thousands of gay students are doing research, and need better collections than most college libraries have.

With minimal income I've assembled some 6,500 books (not all gay), countless periodicals, 30 file drawers full of clippings, organizational papers, letters and such, covering the full history of the U.S. gay movement back to the 1920's. This is being incorporated as the Gay Western Archives, with a board of trustees to insure its continuity as a community service.

I urge readers to support a reliably organized gay library and archival collection — to help guarantee the preservation of our gay heritage. Write to the Western Gay Archive at P.O. Box 38734, Hollywood, Ca. 90038. One Inc.'s library is at 2256 Venice Blvd., L.A. 90006. The Homosexual Information Center is at 6715 Hollywood Blvd. No. 210, Hollywood, 90028. Barbara Gittings (Box 2383, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103) is coordinating plans for a Nat'l Gay Archive.

—Jim Kepner

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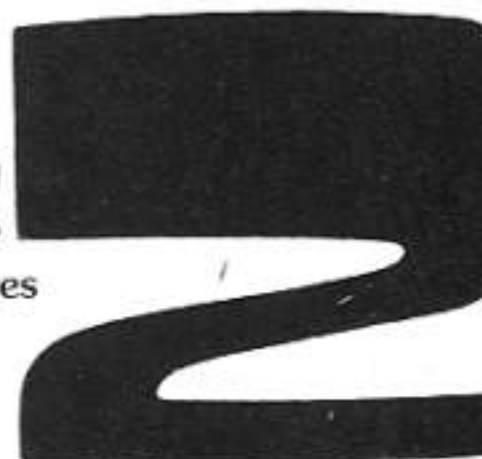
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Letters

What Are Special Editions?

I've seen *IN TOUCH* before, but Issue 27 convinced me to subscribe. I just had to see that Englishman in Issue 28. I'm assuming that what you refer to as "the next special edition, out in February" (on pg. 81) under the fabulous photo of Jaime DeLaCosta is the same as Issue 28. Sometimes you refer to "special edition" in a way that makes me wonder if that is something different than your regular magazine. I hope not.

I live in a small town where not too many would understand my subscription to *IN TOUCH*. So make sure the "plain, sealed envelope" is very plain and very sealed.

I am over 21. And while I'm not over 40, I agree with the Mississippi reader that some older models would be interesting too.

A South Dakota reader.

Special editions are different from IN TOUCH. They're photo magazines of our models judged "too hot" for IN TOUCH to publish, and both the Englishman and Jaime De LaCosta are included in the newest, TOO HOT 2, advertised in this issue. In the future you'll see more on the baths you're curious about, along with some older models, and yes, we send everything in a very plain, very sealed envelope.

Issue 27's The Best Yet!

Issue 27 of *IN TOUCH* is the best I have ever seen. Your magazine's layout gets better with every issue. It's really good to see a magazine

devoted to an alternate life-style that is well thought out and carefully planned. I was also very impressed with your feature on Mark Dube and hope to see more.

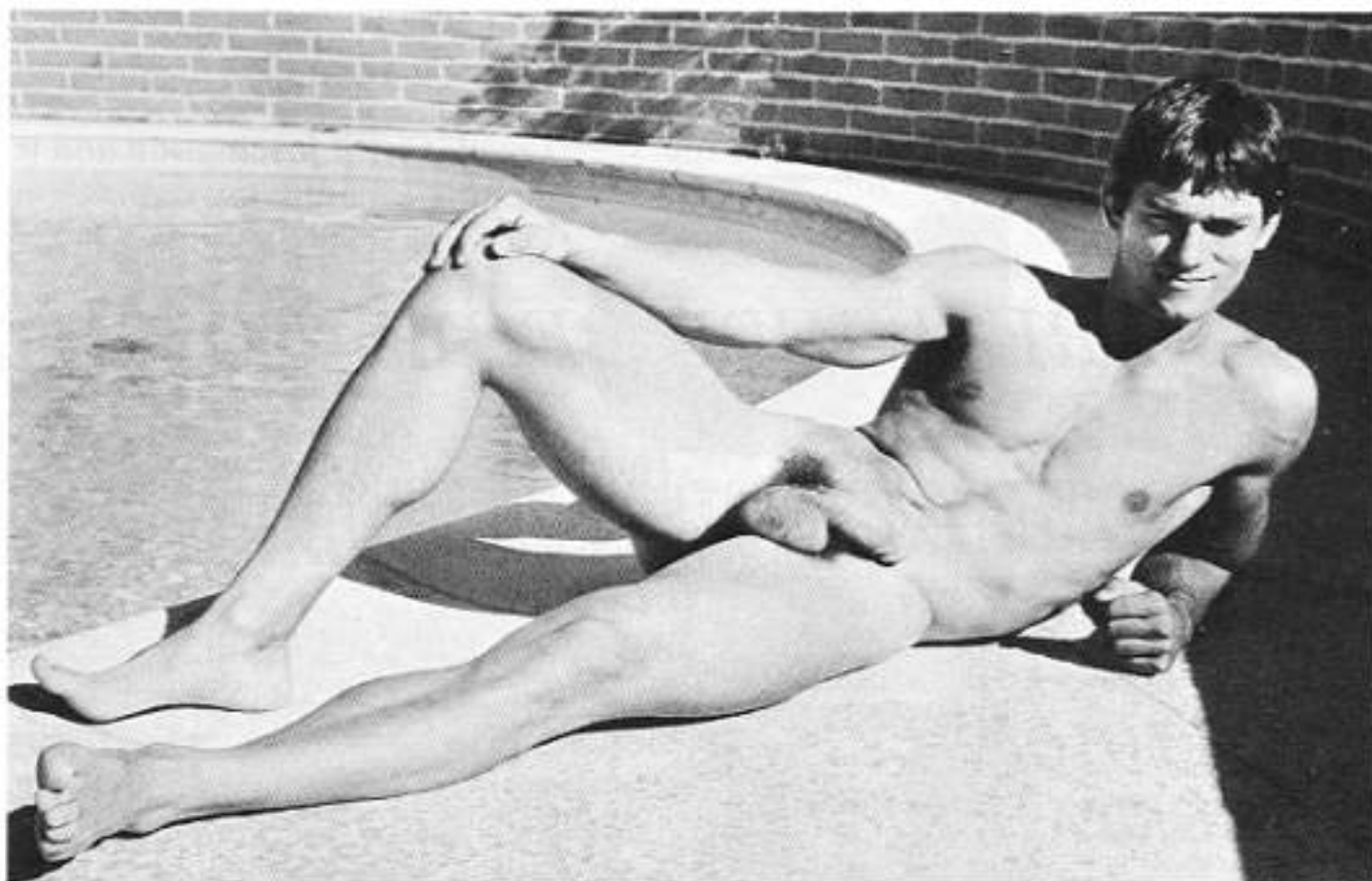
B.P.
Pensacola, Fla.

Mark Dube's in the special edition, Too Hot 2, which is advertised in this issue.

would very much appreciate any information you can give me. Your magazine is the greatest and I'll continue reading it despite the way I go about acquiring it.

R.H.
Salt Lake City

A feature on gay life in Salt Lake City is in this issue.



Mark Dube

Gay Life In Utah?

I am 19, gay, and living in (of all places) Utah at home with my parents. After reading your last issue (No. 27) the article "Pittsburgh" I was wondering if you could give me some much needed information concerning gay life in Utah, if there is any, and where to find it, I'm quite desperate. My parents don't know about me, as a matter of fact I'm the only one who knows about me. So I

More Alberto!

Only recently did I become aware of your provocative publication. It is a great piece of work, made even better by the beautiful "pieces" depicted therein.

Issue No. 26 features one of the most sensual guys I've ever seen — Alberto Rivers! (pages 56-59). I'd like to know where I might purchase more pics of him.

(continued on page 96)

PEOPLE

(continued from page 61)

By JEREMY HUGHES

"I was always out of step," Richard Lamparski, the creator / writer of all those wonderfully nostalgic *Whatever Became of . . .* books, says. "For example, I was born in Grosse Pointe — Detroit — but I don't think I'm a typical Detroiter. They certainly didn't think I was a typical Detroiter, I assure you! I was never called 'typical' or 'normal' anything! And that's just fine with me." His ready laugh reverberates as he sips Chablis, his only liquid vice.

After 12 years in his hometown parochial school ("a ghastly and fascinating experience, because they really did some awful things!"), he took the first plane — a \$90 nite flight — to L.A., "and I never went back, ever. And that's the story of my life." He settles back, directs his level gaze at you. "I didn't know a soul here but an older cousin — the only other person in the family who ever broke away, incidentally. To this day, as far as I know."

It was then the flat 1950's, which

The man who tells us whatever happened to everyone else tells us about himself

Richard Lamparski



On left, Mathew "Stymie" Beard & Darla Hood of "Little Rascals" and Lamparski, and on right (clockwise) "Sheena", Bobby "Fury" Diamond, Tommy Rettig "Lassie" and Lauren Chapin.

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Lamparski calls "a time of terrible stagnation, politically, economically, certainly socially. It was a very repressed era. Even here in Hollywood. It extended into your family life, your sexual life, and it was awful!" Then he smoothes his neatly-trimmed ginger-colored beard, and comes to life: "What I enjoy most about **right now** is the freedom of behavior! Because I now do whatever suits me best — and wear whatever I feel comfortable in."

Our talk was on a rare, rainy, February evening in L.A., and Lamparski had come in brown fedora and belted trench coat, navy blue turtle neck sweater, jeans, desert boots, and blue-and-green-striped heavy wool socks. Not the standard Hollywood uniform of the successfully affluent, and especially in dramatic contrast to the Richard Lamparski of 20-odd years ago who worked as Assistant Promotion Director for Channel 5.

He draws a vivid self portrait: "I drove a Hillman Minx. I wore Oxford cloth boxer shorts. I belonged to a Union. I had the button-down collar and the narrow tie and the little tie pin and all — and never French cuffs. I was Ivy League all the way!"

Then he sighs theatrically. "And it's even worse than it sounds because I wasn't going along with any of it."

On Oct. 5, 1960, he split, on another nite flight "red eye special," to New York ("it was my birthday and I gave myself a one-way ticket"), arriving with the certainty that "This is it! This is the capitol of the world! It's exactly as I thought it would be in all those Kay Francis movies!" He had only \$43, but thought "Well, I'll take a cab. It's the only way to begin. I certainly thought Kay Francis would have taken a cab under the circumstances."

There followed 5 difficult years, years in which he "took some lumps," and involved him with "something I think I probably shouldn't get into, if you don't mind. So if anybody is reading this who knows about it, it's all right, I'm not upset about it, I'm not uptight about it, and I'm not ashamed of it. I just am not quite certain how I want to deal with it."

He turns to the positive events of 1965 when he began his "Whatever Became of . . ." interview show on Pacifica radio station WBAI. Then, the 1st annual volume of his book version was published, after he had

"gone through enough shit with enough people that I wasn't kissing anybody's ass," in time for Christmas shopping in '66. So, now, "God's been good to me. I'm getting all these big fat royalty checks."

He's bought a house in a little canyon behind the Hollywood Bowl, where he lives with a lacrimose St. Bernard bitch named "Baby Dumpling." Back in the black '50s, he says, "People used to say 'you really shouldn't be so open about the fact that you're gay.' But about 4 or 5 years ago I decided that I had had enough with labels for the rest of my life and I don't accept it. I think any label is a limitation and an oppression. I don't want to close off opportunities, anyway. My options are open." He post scripts, "If you use this part, you can quote me as saying 'I am me, and I am free'."

"**Fuck** what other people think of your life! It's what **you** think of it! These books of mine have provided me with a life, if I had to draw it out I couldn't have drawn up anything that I would have enjoyed more. And it's sad that there aren't more people who can say that. But it's taken me a long time and a lot of lumps to get there."

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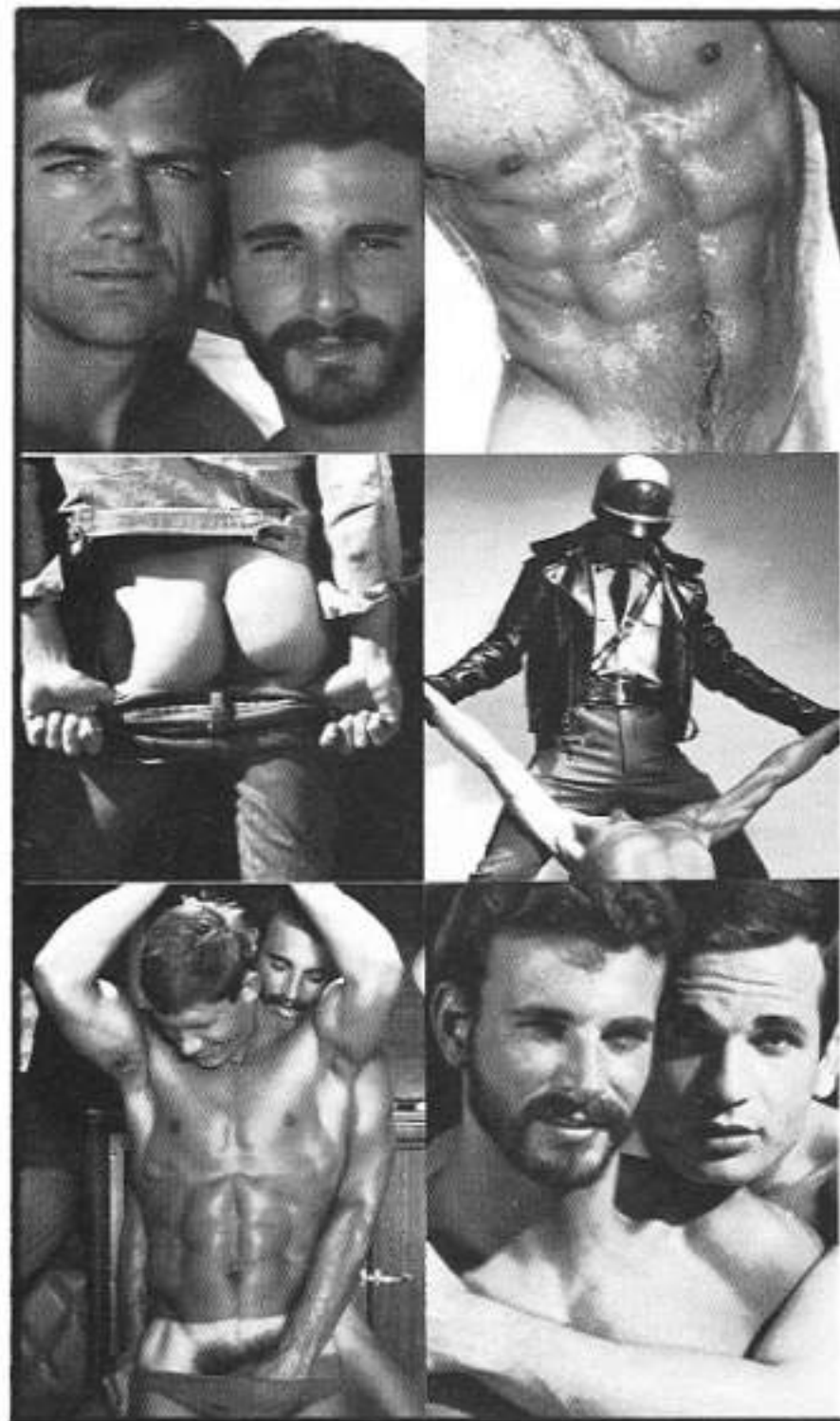
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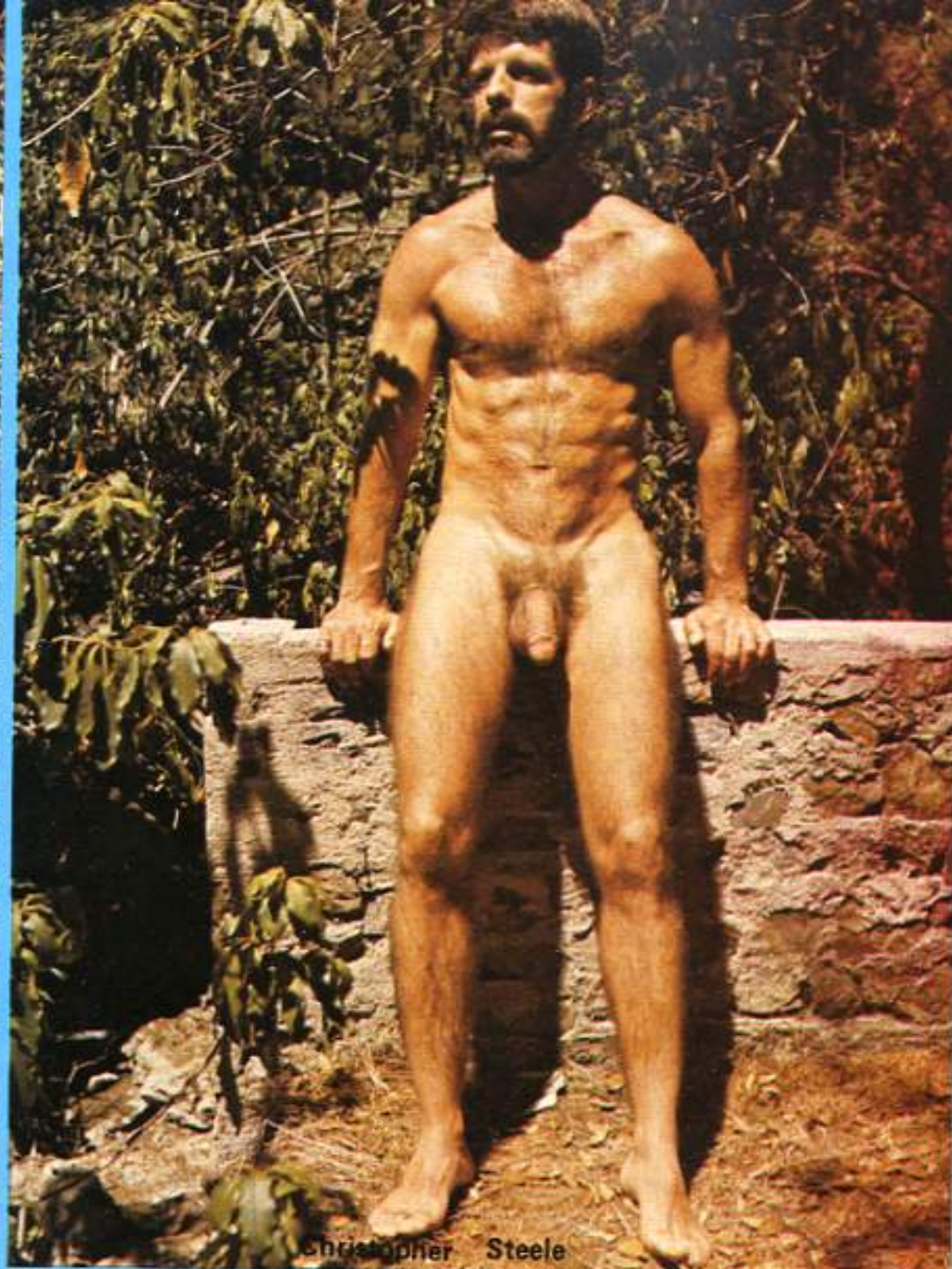
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community."

Many gay men groove on Jack Thompson. Does he mind this?

"No I don't. No I don't. I was brought up in a household where someone's sexual predilections were not considered to be an essential part of whether or not they were a nice person. It was their own private business. There are friends of mine, both male and female, who are gay. Since I was a small child I've been aware of the fact that the world was not totally heterosexual. I have a lot of friends who are homosexual. It's never been a real issue with me."

Thompson has a farm some 400 miles from Sydney and escapes there between film commitments. His other great love is music. "I love music. I think probably the only thing that I've ever spent, apart from the farm, the only thing that I've spent vast sums of money on is my hi-fi set."

Thompson left school just before he turned 15 and with his parents' blessing went outback to work as a rural labourer: stockman, shearer, horse-breaker. . . .

Then, in his early 20s, he joined the army, which decided to train him as laboratory technician. He was sent to the University of Queensland, in Brisbane, to undertake a science course. But, as the saying goes, Man proposes and God disposes.

"Before I could go to university I had to matriculate and that meant self-education and night school. I did a couple of years of part-time science and then switched to Arts because it had become apparent to me that I was not going to pursue scientific research, that I was really spending most of my time in amateur theatre and experimental theatre in the uni."

"And so this thing that I liked doing began to impose itself on my living."

"Eventually I decided that I was spending so much time with what should have been my hobby, that I really should give it a go full-time and see if I could make a living at it, otherwise I'd go back to university."

Well, he never did get back to university.

Thompson would very happily accept any offer from England, America . . . wherever, to work in a film that was attractive to him. But he doesn't plan to go knocking on doors.

We shouldn't be surprised if offers do come from abroad for Thompson. After all, didn't Australia give the overseas film industry Errol Flynn, Rod Taylor, Peter Finch and George Lazenby?

—Martin Smith

The French unwisely decided to stage Oscar Wilde's "The Picture Of Dorian Gray." It would have been best if they'd left well enough alone.

Patrice Alexandre, playing Gray with much nervous tension, flits about the stage like a butterfly, wears way too much make-up; and quite frankly has a fat ass. *Le Canard Enchaîné*, France's most critical and satirical paper, said that Alexandre was "very good looking" and that "Oscar Wilde surely would have fallen in love with him." Well, if Wilde was infatuated with Lord Alfred Douglas, it's unlikely he'd have given Alexandre a second glance.

The production is not, however, a complete disaster. Denis Manuel as the painter, Basil, Francoise Belliard as Sybil and Bernard Allouf as her brother are good and Raymond Gerome as Lord Henry is repulsively sinister. The sets are excellent — a series of mirrors, glass partitions and candles — creating just the right atmosphere. At Theatre Daunou, 9 rue Daunou.

"La Cage aux Folles," after 5 years, is still packing them in at the Palais Royal; and its success is likely to continue. The play has its funny moments but its subject, homosexuality, is not treated honestly and the play therefore fails. Written by straights (one supposes) for a straight audience, an accurate picture of homosexuality is abandoned for travesty, caricature and gross overacting. The audience loves it and clamors for more. So once again homosexuality has been betrayed by misrepresentation to an audience willing to swallow it and nothing is done for the dignity of gays. At Palais-Royal, 38 rue Montpensier.

Copcats never fare well. "Les Hommes-Loups" ("Wolfmen") at Le Selenite (one of Paris' smallest and most uncomfortable cafe-theatres) is billed as an erotic spectacle, but it's about as erotic as a wet noodle. The four "actors," through unabashed clumsiness, make spectacles of themselves. Practically everything they do has been done before and they're not above stealing from "Peau d'Homme" (IN TOUCH No. 21) and "d'Homme a Homme" (IN TOUCH No. 26).

paris

They're so maladroit that they not only knock over props during the performance, but one of the four was accidentally dropped on his head. For the first time I can remember, I was totally uninterested in male nudity, finding, in fact, the meager audience more interesting. Also, you have to buy a drink whether you want it or not and this will cost you \$5; and then you must pay \$10 for the ticket itself. I can think of a hell of a lot better things I could do with my money. Le Selenite, 18 rue Dauphine at midnight.



Paris' "Equus"

Many U.S. and British plays are translated into French and produced here but few of them work, because they lose a great deal of the vitality they had in London or N.Y.; and more often than not humor, pathos and Anglo-Saxon characteristics are lost in the translation. But, "Equus,"

london

which had great success in London and N.Y., opened here to sellout crowds. It works in French as well as it does in English. And it's superb.

Francois Perier gives a stirring performance as the psychiatrist and is beautifully matched with Stephane Jobert as the troubled youth. The production is done by the Compagnie Renaud-Barrault and is one of the best translations to come to French theatre in a long time. Special recognition should go to the translator, Matthieu Galey. At Theatre d'Orsay, 7 quai Anatole-France.

"La Reine de la Nuit" is one of those stupid situation comedies that the French seem to love so much. It's not that the acting is so terrible — although everyone does play his role to the hilt in uneven exaggeration — it's just that the story is so damn silly. A 40+ year-old woman tries to seduce her son's tutor, who'd rather go to bed with the son (who's in the next bedroom screwing some blonde toughie he picked up in a disco). All through these shenanigans, some old witch playing the chief valet, chambermaid and bottle-washer all-in-one reminisces about her youth. Who gives a fuck? At Theatre Plaisance, 111 rue du Chateau.

The best thing about Jean Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles" is that it has Lila Kedrova in the lead; and she is fascinating to watch. When she's not on stage you long for her return. It was first produced in Paris in 1938, with Jean Marais (Cocteau's long-time lover and friend) in the role of the young son. Marais, now 63, plays the father this time and also directs with skill.

But Miss Kedrova, as the mother, is a joy to behold and holds the play together. Insanely jealous of her young, handsome son (played by Francois Duval) she's not above doing anything — whether pouting or screaming — to win and keep him. When she learns that he's going to marry and she can't stop him, she simply takes her life in the grand manner. A bit melodramatic? Certainly. But a tour de force and a worthwhile and enjoyable evening at the theatre. At Theatre Antoine, 14 Blvd. de Strasbourg.

—Peter Adams

The Sondheim musicals which have been seen in London—"Company" and "A Little Night Music"—never really achieved the kind of success they enjoyed in the States. So it's a bit surprising that "Side By Side By Sondheim" (Wyndhams Theatre, Charing Cross Road) is achieving such enormous success.

The show opened last May at the Mermaid Theatre, and moved a couple months later.

Similar in style to shows like "Cowardly Custard" and "Cole," "Side By Side By Sondheim" is a generously stuffed portmanteau entertainment presented by a witty narrator (Ned Sherrin) and three singers (Millicent Martin, Julia McKenzie and David Kernan). Comprised of songs from the best and the least known of Sondheim's shows, "Side By Side" is a sheer delight from beginning to end — a show which has had the British critics (and Clive Barnes) cheering in the aisles and which is still receiving standing ovations after every performance.

Wyndham's Theatre is only a few minutes walk from one of London's most famous theatrical pubs — the Salisbury in St. Martin's Lane (at the bottom of the alley which runs down the side of the theatre). Ideal for a pre-theatre snack (with one of the best cold buffets in town) or an after-theatre drink, the Salisbury has long been

renowned for a gay and theatrical atmosphere.

Visitors to London with the time and inclination — not to mention the money — to see a little more of England or to make a visit to Europe would be well advised to contact Man Around Ltd. (186 Kensington Church St., Notting Hill, London W8 4DP, telephone 01-229 4349/0806) one of the best of the gay travel services to have appeared in London in recent years.

Run by Doug Wilson and Simon Walker, Man Around offers trips to Amsterdam, Athens, Berlin, Copenhagen, Hamburg and Paris. A weekend in Amsterdam (the gay capital of Europe), for example, can cost as little as \$90. This would cover return flight for a weekend which would include two nights accommodation with Dutch breakfast in a double or twin room (sharing).

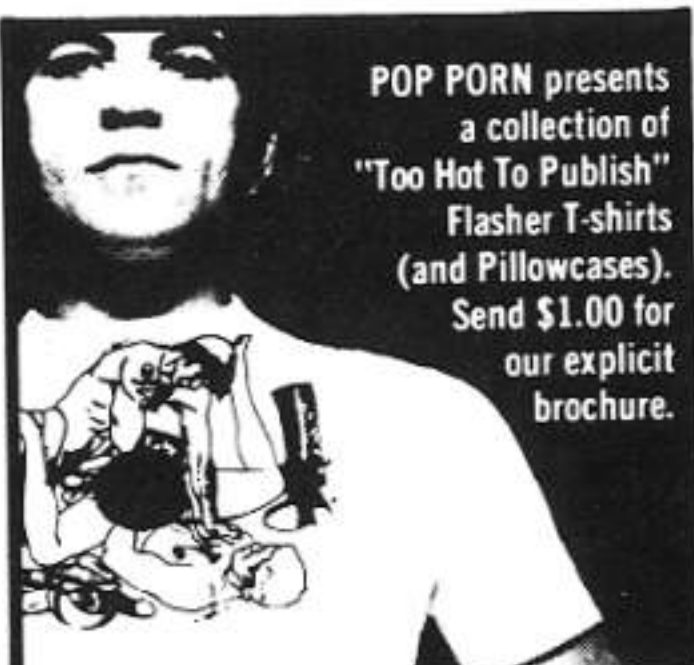
The company also offers tours around London (\$12, inclusive of lunch at a gay restaurant) or, by special arrangement, by car — anything from a Mini to a Rolls — with a personal driver. Anyone wishing to get away from the rush of city life, might like to try a country house weekend — at Yaxham House in Norfolk. Certainly a browse through the Man Around literature reaffirms convictions that London is an ideal stepping off spot to the rest of Europe.

—Peter Burton

(continued on page 79)



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gemini

MAY 21—JUNE 21

If you haven't had the chance to expose yourself to the sun lately, you're missing out. Everybody has SOMETHING to expose and sons being what they are, usually enjoy the view. This is your opportunity to experience the taste of chicken before it's plucked and dressed for the meat market. Chickens can be expensive, so don't be a tightwad; take him to dinner or buy him some new threads . . . after all, you don't want him to wind up laying an egg . . . unless it's for breakfast.

cancer

JUNE 22—JULY 22

The warm weather brings out the best in all of us. This is your chance to wear that wild bikini that's like a barbed wire fence . . . it protects the property but doesn't obstruct the view. Of course it's good to have a pool or beach handy unless you're cruising down Hollywood Blvd. When you've got your man in sight, pull out the stops until he's hooked, primed and snookered; then give him the bait . . . but remember, the bait shouldn't cost more than the catch.

leo

JULY 23—AUGUST 23

Things may have been a little rough at the office / factory / sweatmill or service station lately and you feel the need for change. If you're under 22 or have lots of \$\$\$, make your way to nearest city and get some fresh action. The under 22's can hitchhike there, but unless you're somebody extra special, hitchhiking is a drag. If you're over 22, you should know what you want and it'll be easy to get if you're over 10, provided you let it all hang out in the right places. One nite stands can be a pain in the ass if you haven't prepared yourself. So pack your bags carefully and take along your favorite sex aids.

virgo

AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

If you haven't been feeling yourself lately . . . who has? Because you look pretty good, your smiling, jovial nature should get you anywhere and anything, as long as you don't aim too high. Some virgos have to beat their prospective bedmates off with a big stick . . . other virgos just beat off. You have that certain something that can attract . . . make sure you don't hide it under a bush or a long raincoat. Let it all hang out where they all hang out and smile when you read the graffiti.

libra

SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

Surrounding yourself with nice things is typical. The silver and crystal and the centerfolds of *Playgirl* and *IN TOUCH* are all great, but for some real action, go out and start hunting . . . unless your lover is handy. This is the time for exploring new areas — be it bars, beaches or gloryholes. Stick it thru first and hope he won't bite off more than he can chew. You may be lucky . . . remember the absentminded old queen who took his teeth out to eat a banana.

scorpio

OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

Chasing after old flames is as useless as a spare prick at a wedding. If you're not satisfied with your lovelife and fancy fresh meat, the time's right. Forget the gloryholes unless you want to catch a libra, and forget the hustlers if you don't want to catch anything else. You're much more welcome at parties than some of your friends, so go stag and bring home a little dear, but hang up your antlers before going down to the Y for a snack. Remember, you're after a little dear . . . so don't waste time with a lot of bull . . .

SCOPE

By ROGER ASQUITH

sagittarius

NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

You may have been on the end of a spiteful trick lately . . . it could have been sand in the Vaseline or detergent in the Corn Huskers, whatever; not every trick is spiteful, so don't give up on them. Keep trim, cut out desserts, try doing more push-ups OUT of bed for a change, and firm up that limp wrist with a little tennis. Financially you should be sitting pretty for awhile; this doesn't mean you can splurge. Think about the long winter nites and make a good investment . . . write your name and not on a men's room wall.

capricorn

DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

Trying to make up your mind is energy consuming. Stick to your first choice and tell the other guy to call you next weekend. You should know what you want by now, so don't say you don't know which way to turn . . . your friends may guess, but only your bedmate knows for sure. Variety is the spice of life, so try all the angles before choosing what's right for you. The time is right for experimentation . . . so give your favorite 69 a rest and give 11 and 99 a chance to add up to top score.

aquarius

JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

Money could come into your life, but not from an ordinary source . . . and you won't get it from hustlin' either. If you've been playing the ponies or shooting crap you may recoup your past losses. If you've been keeping the old queen happy, he might kick over and leave you a bundle, whatever . . . some money seems to be coming your way. Before rushing out and buying up the store, think about paying off a few debts. If you've a body like Adonis, don't hesitate to take off your shirt . . . and if you're hung like a horse, you may have to fight to keep your pants on . . . be generous, let it all hang out.

pisces

FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20

This is a great time to establish new friendships. If he's a new neighbor, offer something sweet . . . if he's a new workmate . . . offer some advice . . . and if he's standing next to you at your favorite watering hole, buy him a drink. Once you've got him talking, feel him out, but only in the men's room. You need a little excitement in your life. If it's a new bedmate, go find one. If it's a vacation . . . make sure you have someone special to go with. Get up off your cute butt and DO SOMETHING, even if it means calling up the number you took off the men's room wall. NOW GET . . .

aries

MARCH 21—APRIL 20

The end of this period can be active for you, but before you rush out, sit down and contemplate what you really want. If it's a new lover / bedmate / roommate or boozing friend, consider the best time and place to locate one . . . lovers are not found overnite, despite all that bull you whisper during the nite. Think twice before getting too serious. A true lover must have lots more than a handsome face and a willing body. He must be willing to share your ups and downs. If you are passive, this may be a good time to take things lying down. If you're the aggressive type, wait awhile, unless you want to experiment with new angles.

taurus

APRIL 21—MAY 20

Don't jump to conclusions how a friend may react; he may do just the opposite . . . so make sure you know which way you want to turn BEFORE going to bed. You're inclined to go off half-cocked . . . which is bad for your partner, so keep him posted by groaning or breathing hard when you're about to explode. Watch your waistline and don't over-indulge in sweet things . . . unless they're under 20. You may not be able to take them everywhere you go, but they'll be glad to take you everytime you come. Isn't that nice?

STALKING

(continued from page 55)

ty of New Hampshire, the largest of the colleges, is the only one to initiate a gay group. Since its formation in 1971, the Gay Students' Organization (G.S.O.) has all but faded completely, due to increasing student apathy and continued harassment by the governor. After legal proceedings, the G.S.O. was permitted to exist openly on campus, but when its original founders graduated, no one else wanted to keep the group alive.

Portsmouth is the only city with any sense of gay political and social commitment. Part of the reason lies in the city's size, but it's due primarily to its large and varied artistic community. Many of the city's artisans and merchants are gay, so there's understandably lots of community solidarity. Portsmouth has always been noted for its libertarian attitude; this attitude, coupled with the city's artistic and historic sensibilities, makes it a very attractive place for New Hampshire gays. The Seacoast Area Gay Alliance there offers many events and services, fostering community ties, not only in the Portsmouth area, but in adjoining Maine too.

Because of the limited opportunity for gay interaction in the state, its gay bars have the distinction of being not only places to cruise, dance and unwind, but also of being, in a sense, "neighborhood bars." Most club members know each other by name, so there is a degree of camaraderie in these bars that'd be lacking in most big city bars. There's also much intermingling of "types" in the state's four bars. Lesbians are welcomed, as are a few loyal straight couples, who patronize the bars because they're the only local clubs offering disco dancing. For the most part, everyone co-exists harmoniously.

Although these tales of gay life in the backwoods may seem surprising, even anachronistic, to gays in urban areas, we all know that rural areas far outnumber the big cities spread across the U.S. Despite the variety of hassles inherent in being gay in a rural and conservative state, living in the backwoods **must** have its advantages; I just wish that I could think of some at this moment. If you get off on the Puritan Ethic, four distinct seasons and lots of hunky, flannel-and-denim clad "lumberjack" types, then New Hampshire may possess a certain "American Gothic" sort of appeal for you. ●●●



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WORLD REPORTS

toronto

Amid all that severe weather there are a few hot-spots, but here they're all indoors and on stages.

The hottest is Michel Tremblay's powerful psychodrama "Hosanna" with Richard Monette and Richard Donat. Directed by veteran Bill Glassco, the play's about a couple's soul-bearing search for true identity. Hosanna is a French-Canadian drag queen who's built a persona for herself around the image of Liz Taylor as Cleopatra. Hosanna arrives at the annual Halloween drag ball dressed as Taylor's Cleopatra, only to come face to face with a roomful of better-dressed drag Cleos, who, with the help of Cuirette (Hosanna's lover) have planned to bring about her downfall as No. 1 on the circuit. This cruel joke catalyzes Hosanna and her biker mate and forces them to shed layers of personality masquerading until they're left with only their true selves.

Despite critical acclaim when the play opened at the Bijou on Broadway two years ago, it closed in three weeks. Re-mounted with the same cast for a Canadian tour this year, it's taken the country by storm, playing SRO.

The reason is simple: Monette's superb performance in the title role and Donat's impressive support as Cuirette, the leather and bike-bound lover. Onstage the entire time, Monette's star shines brightest in the nearly act-long monologue in the last half. This young actor is on his way to becoming one of Canada's greatest actors. After his outstanding Hamlet at last summer's Stratford Shakespearean Festival and his Hosanna, you won't want to miss his Romeo at Stratford this summer!

The National Ballet of Canada's spring season at O'Keefe Centre headlines company superstars with guest artists Lynn Seymour and Rudolf Nureyev in a variety of classical and modern works. With 28 performances, there's certainly something for everyone's visual tastes.

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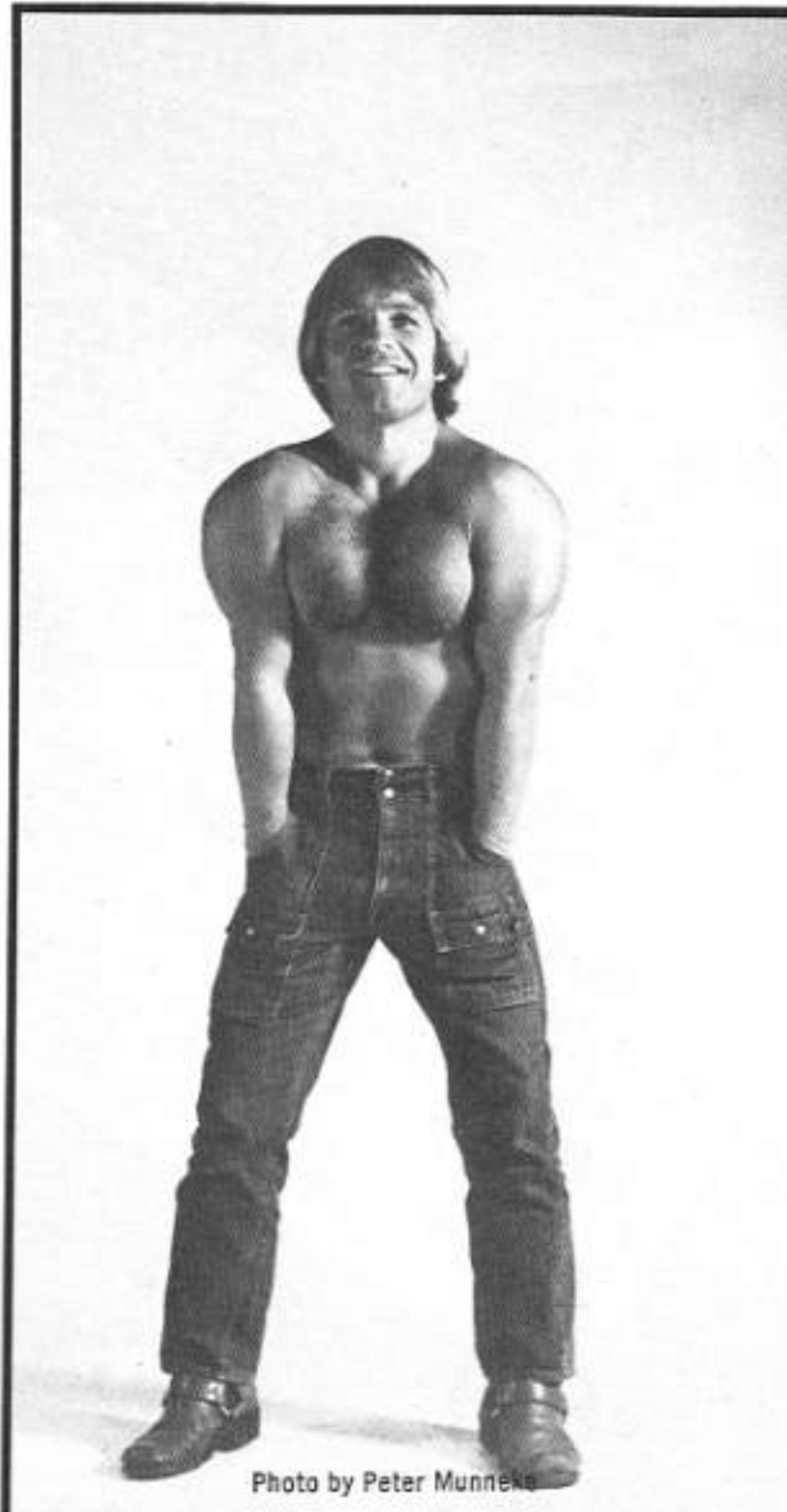
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"THE SEXUAL OUTLAW"

(continued from page 23)

"Let's see what you look like. Try mine." The blond hustler removes his tanktop, hands it to Jim. The shirt is moist with perspiration. For moments both stand shirtless. They glance at each other, laugh — look along the street. Jim slips on the sweaty shirt, very aware of the other's sensual body odor. The blond hustler looks at Jim. "You really fill it out."

"So do you," Jim hears himself say. They laugh, look away again.

Jim's cock begins to strain. He can see the other's straining too.

His own sweat on the other's shirt, Jim removes it slowly. The blond hustler holds the shirt, flings it over his shoulder, his head turning toward it, as if to touch his mouth to it. Then he slips it on. Silent moments. They look at each other. The smiles freeze. Then they both laugh — and move on.

As Jim walks away, he feels longing clash with anger.

Standing by the telephone booth — and the telephone is ringing — Jim sees a man he's gone with many times before. Seeing Jim, the man begins to make a U-turn. Jim takes a few steps away, around the corner, to avoid the man. But then he waits there. The man drives up to him.

Athletic, like a highschool coach, the man calls out, "Hi."

It's always the same; each time the man pretends — and Jim goes along with the charade — that this is the first time they've met. And each time he goes with him, Jim promises himself he never will again.

"Hi." Jim stands by the open window, but he's preparing an excuse to walk away.

"Hustling?" the man asks.

"Uh—..." Jim pauses. He starts to turn away. "Yeah." He faces the man.

"How much?"

"Thirty dollars," Jim answers, higher than usual — to court the man's saying no, he tells himself. Or because he knows the extent of the man's desire.

"Okay," the man agrees.

Jim waits a few seconds before getting into the car.

JACK DEVEAU

(continued from page 27)

Trades was conceived as what might be called a "classical" sex movie — take a very simple plot, fill it with handsome men with the biggest cocks, nicest round buns and most impressive pecs and biceps I could

find, and shoot them in focus, interestingly dressed and well-lit, fucking and sucking. It's a sort of comic strip tribute to the roots of the porno film.

IT: How did you wind up producing films?

Deveau: Sal Mineo and Bob Alvarez, my lover, talked me into it. I was in the business of architectural and graphic design at the time. Though I was always intrigued by the thought of producing films, and Bob was editing commercial films and video (*Woodstock*, *An American Family*), I couldn't take the idea too seriously. Then Sal asked me if I'd go with him to a production meeting for an upcoming film of his. I didn't really know what he had in mind, but I went, and sat quietly in a corner while a room full of film executives said some of the dumbest things I'd ever heard. I thought, I could do better than that, so with a little more encouragement, I became a film producer.

IT: Do you think that porn films and commercial films are influencing one another?

Deveau: Porn has clearly influenced commercial films, with *Last Tango* the obvious example. But it hasn't worked the other way around, with rare exceptions. Porno could be a proving ground for commercial movies, but the level of structure, writing and acting hasn't much improved. To some extent this can be attributed to economics. Porn budgets are so miniscule that there are a world of things you cannot do and very few things you can. Also, in terms of distribution, there are only 15 cities in this country that will book a gay porno film, which makes the profit margin low.

IT: What do you project for yourself and *Hand In Hand* in the next few years?

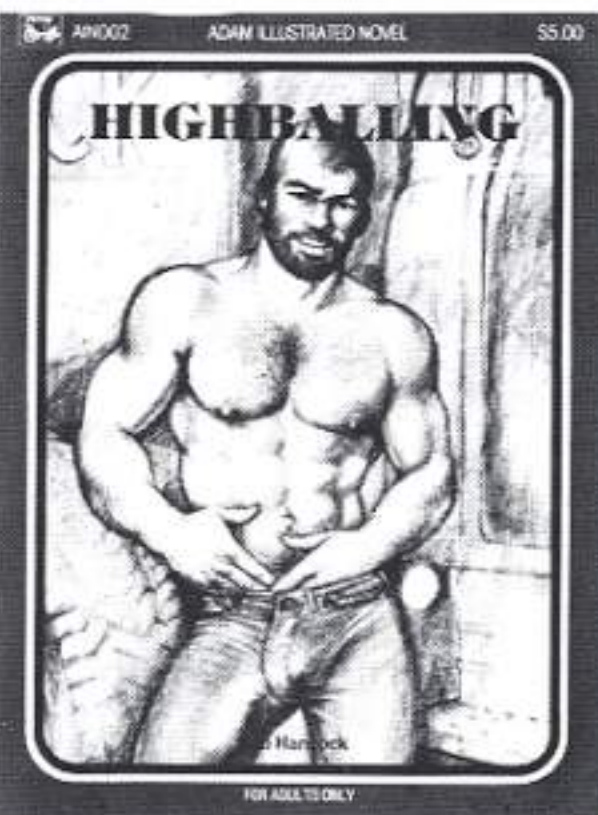
Deveau: We intend to continue producing a range of gay porn, and we're developing some projects with writers which don't depend on their sexual content and can reach a larger audience. There are many stories to be told, as people finally listen to and begin to understand the experiences of gay men and women. I think there'll soon be a larger audience for movies about the way gay people feel about themselves and how they interact with the rest of society. And from a purely commercial standpoint, gay people have been supporting the film industry for years. It's about time they started getting some feedback.

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(continued from page 21)

against British colonial rule in India. The imperial rulers are as comically inept as the British tourists in Italy, but the theme takes on greater dimensions of tragedy because of the political implications. India offers a kind of spiritual rebirth, symbolized by the fertility rites at the end of the novel, but the English are unable to see them as anything more than primitive ceremonies. The emotional centre of the novel is the affection felt between an Indian doctor, Aziz, and a British teacher, Fielding. But it is clear that their relationship cannot be realized under these circumstances. As Aziz declares toward the end of the novel, "We shall drive every blasted Englishman into the sea, and then," he concluded, half kissing him, "you and I shall be friends!" There can be no love between unequals. When India is free, when Aziz and Fielding meet as brothers, then perhaps they can love. Not before.

It is hard to reconcile this statement with Forster's famous comment, "I want to love a strong young man for the lower classes and be loved by him and even hurt by him." But it is perfectly clear that although Forster's personal taste was for working-class youths, he had nothing but scorn for those upper-class men who used such boys for their sexual gratification but who never entered into an actual spiritual relationship with them. His story "Arthur Snatchfold" tells, with delightful irony, the story of a gentleman and his early-morning tryst with the milkman. The encounter is lovingly described: "He laid his face on the warm skin over the clavicle, hands nudged him behind and presently the sensation for which he had planned so cleverly was over." But Forster views his hero with somewhat bitter irony, as he reflects on Sir Richard: "It flattered his vanity. It increased his sense of power." The story is a stunning analysis of the respectable man of the world who indulges in a bit of sex in the bushes but is never moved by feelings of common humanity. Instead his contact with his "trick" increases his feeling of superiority. When such an encounter is positive, in Forster's terms, it involves a regeneration of the upper-class hero, a new awareness of possibility. Never again can he be a prig and a bore. Like the heroines of the Italian novels, Forster's heroes in the short stories

(the narrator in "Ansell," for instance) and in *Maurice* are permanently altered, saved from mediocrity and class snobbery by their homosexuality.

The second theme that runs throughout Forster's work is male companionship and the need for a place and form to recognize and institutionalize it. This theme is first present in his early novel *The Longest Journey*, which is the gayest of the novels published during his lifetime. Lionel Trilling, probably the best critic to write on Forster, calls it "the most brilliant, the most dramatic and the most passionate" of Forster's works. It is also the novel closest to *Maurice*, as Forster himself indicated, and in fact in many ways *Maurice* is a reworking of the themes of *The Longest Journey*. The novel begins at Cambridge, presented as a male paradise, with its hero, Rickie, a kind of modern Oedipus even to the limp, and his friend Ansell (the actual name of the garden boy of Forster's youth), whom he forsakes for marriage with a particularly dreadful woman, Agnes Pembroke. The reasons for Rickie's decision are clearly stated by Forster, although generally ignored by the critics: "He was thinking of the irony of friendship — so strong it is, and so fragile. We fly together, like straws in an eddy, to part in the open stream. Dutiful sons, loving husbands, responsible fathers — these are what she wants, and if we are friends it must be in our spare time. Abram and Sarai were sorrowful, yet their seed became as sand of the sea, and distracts the politics of Europe at this moment. But a few verses of poetry is all that survives of David and Jonathan." Rickie and Ansell's love is impossible, because it seems to have no place and no future, to be necessarily outside the bounds of permissible human relationships, or at least outside the mainstream of "productive" relationships. As Forster demonstrates, the heterosexual relationship between Rickie and Agnes is far worse than the homosexual relationship between Ansell and Rickie is likely to have been. But Rickie is one of those who refuse, who run away from the fear of relationship out of the very intensity of desire for it. Only at the end of the novel, in Rickie's confrontation with his alter ego in the person of his half-brother, a child of passion rather than of convention, does he finally

confess, "Ansell took me on a journey that was even new to him. We got behind right and wrong, to a place where only one thing matters — that the Beloved should rise from the dead." But there seems no way out of the dilemma but for Rickie to die sacrificially while saving Stephen's life.

The failure recorded here is partly the failure caused by the absence of a "registry office" for the marriage of friendship, but it is also the failure caused by Rickie's lack of self-knowledge. Since he does not know what he wants, he cannot find it.

The difficulties of friendship, and their relationship to the problems of class and nationality are well illustrated by Forster's story "The Other Boat," which is closely related in theme to *A Passage to India*. Lionel March finds himself sharing a cabin, and a berth, with Cocoanut, the "gentle supple boy who belonged to no race and always got what he wanted" en route to Bombay. The cabin remains a place of joy for the two ill-mated partners, while the rest of the ship remains a conventional social milieu where class and racial distinctions rule; his recognition of his attraction for Cocoanut forces Lionel to break caste, as he enters the out-cast world of the homosexual. But his English prejudices and his carefully bred militarism linger on, beneath the surface, undermining his attempt to follow his father and "go native." "Good sense" wins out, as Lionel becomes like Clive and Rickie, choosing to deny a gay relationship "for Isabel's sake, as for their profession's." When Cocoanut bites Lionel during their love-making, Lionel goes mad, as his military self takes over, "He was back in a desert fighting savages. One of them asked for mercy, stumbled, and found none." (One recalls that T. E. Lawrence was one of Forster's close friends!) Unable to love openly, Lionel transforms his embrace into a sadistic murder, which at the same time is a culmination for him, an orgasm of hatred.

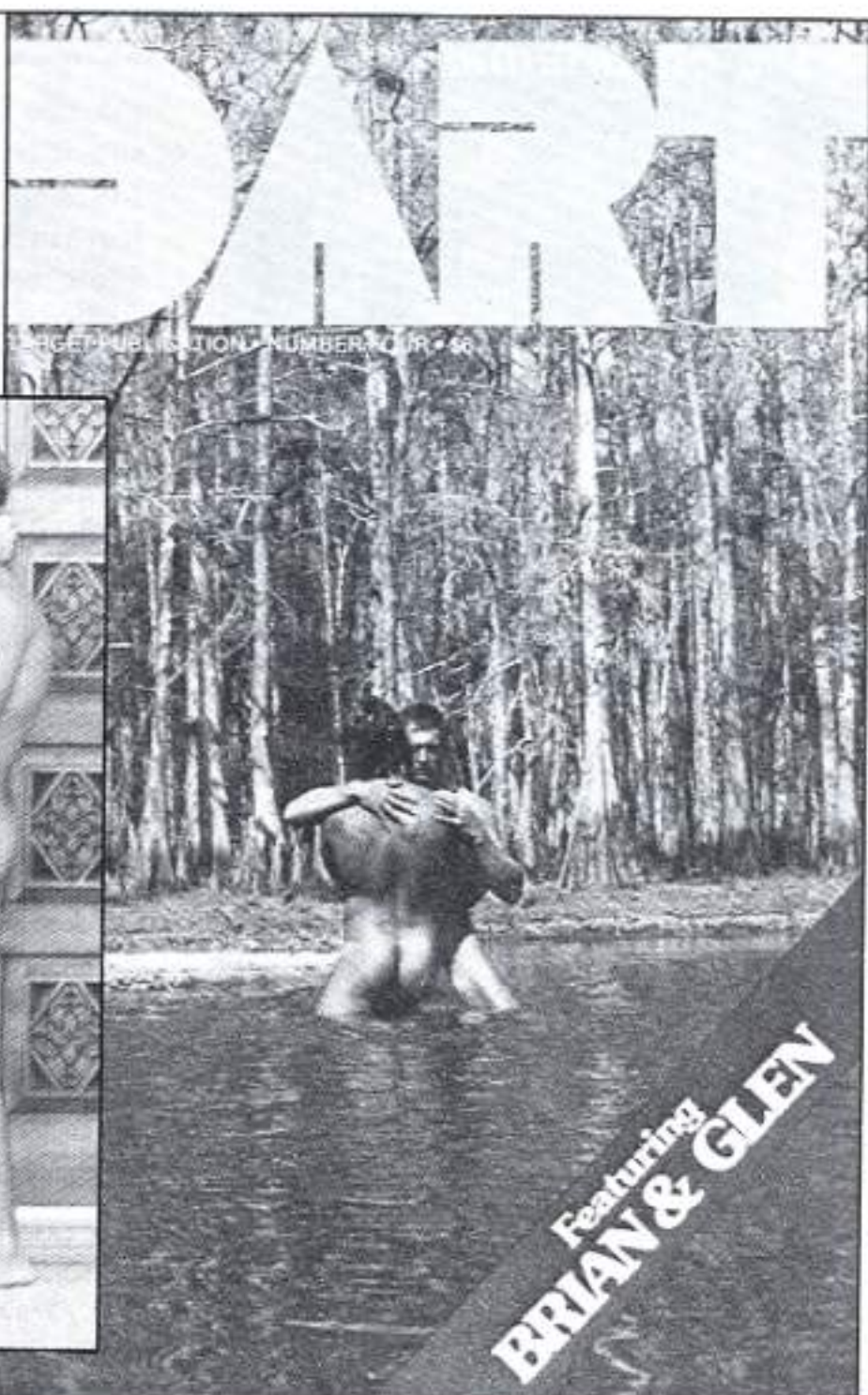
If friendship is often prevented from realization by the barriers of class, and the absence of a form in which to express itself, male/female relationships are damaged repeatedly by the institution of marriage and its accompanying idea of the property rights of a husband in his wife. No major writer has devoted so much energy to the denunciation of

(continued on page 84)

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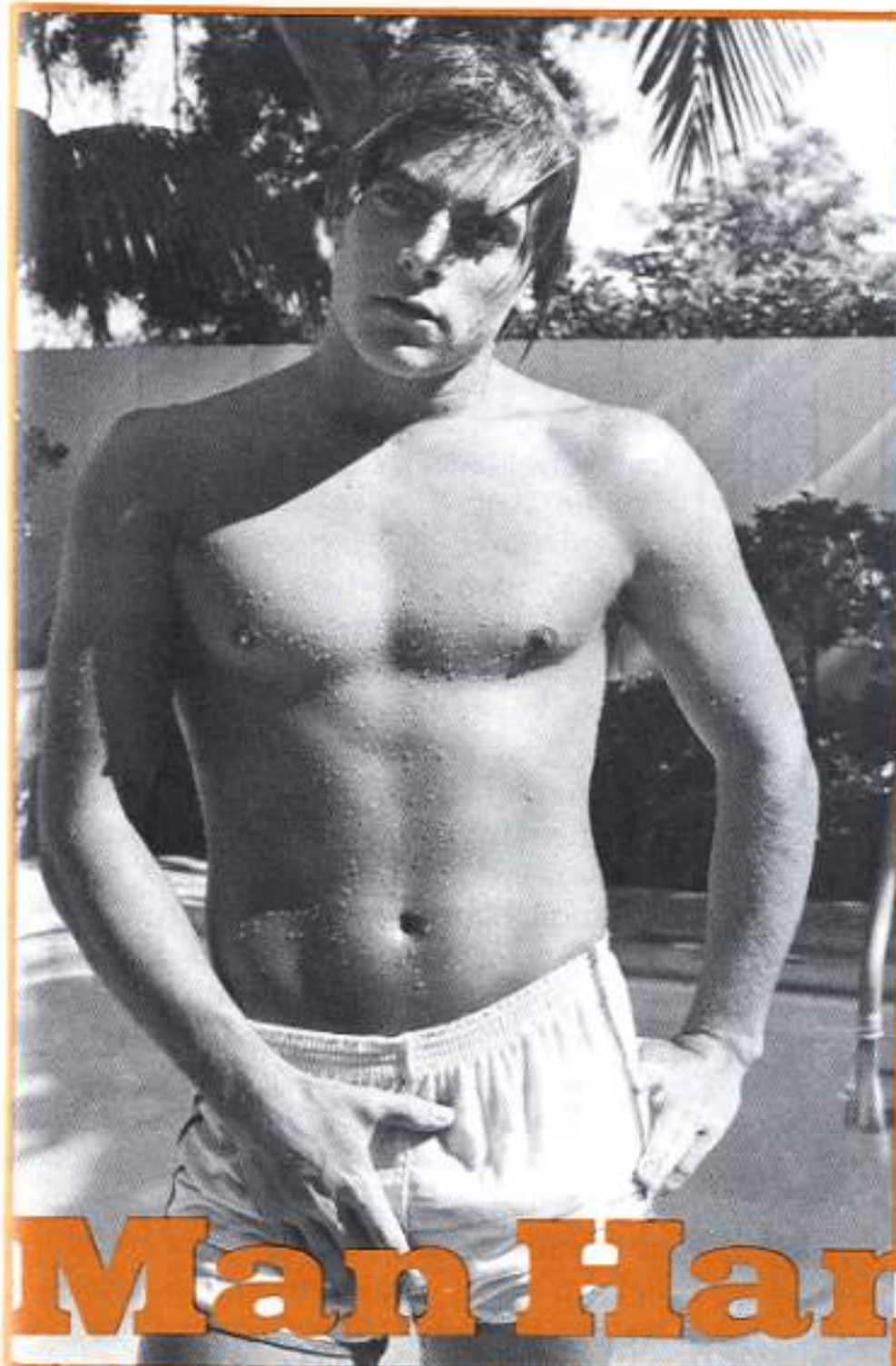
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E.M. FORSTER

marriage, which is seen almost consistently in Forster as a disaster. Marriage is so disastrous, of course, for exactly the reasons that Aziz and Fielding cannot realize their love in *A Passage to India*: love can only exist between equals. As Forster put it, "We have not yet learned to manage our materialism and carnality properly. They are still entangled with the desire for ownership." His fullest study of this theme is to be found in *Howards End*, the great novel of Bloomsbury, in which the two principal characters are based roughly on the Stephen sisters — Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell. There is a constant battle in the novel between the values of commerce and property and the values of the heart. It is Forster's most matriarchal novel (although one of the finest characters in *A Passage to India* is Mrs. Moore who is transformed into an Indian mother goddess at the end), since it seems to despair of any regeneration from the world of men committed to legality, property rights, and making money. Forster was clearly tempted by the agrarian socialism identified with Carpenter and his followers. In *Passage to India* as well he continued his feminist theme, through the subject of Aziz's poems: "The purdah must go, otherwise we shall never be free." Forster was a feminist because he recognized that love requires freedom, and that a society which denies liberty to some of its citizens cannot expect that same liberty from outsiders. India wants its freedom from England; in turn it must free its women. And Forster recognized that English women, if not actually in purdah, were far from being free. Their bonds, though, were more psychological than physical: the hysteria of Adela who imagines she has been raped is as much a product of male domination of women as the actual confinement of Indian women. And Forster seems to have sensed the common bond between women and gay men, both of whom are victims of male society and its emphasis on production rather than on feeling.

Forster's motto was "only connect!" As Margaret says in *Howards End*, "Only connect the prose and the passion, and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height." His work attempted constantly to depict such a connection, although he was deeply aware of the

obstacles. Most people prefer their prosaic lives to the risks involved in passion. And Forster's position has laid him open to charges of sentimentality, particularly regarding *Maurice*, the novel he began in 1913 but which was only published after his death. The novel is cast as a fantasy, for Forster could not see any way, during his lifetime, for homosexual love to be expressed openly. When he wrote his "Terminal Note" in 1960, he could see no hope for the passage of the Wolfenden recommendations by Parliament (they were in fact passed) or for a significant change in public attitude. It is hard to understand why *Maurice* is so criticized for its happy ending — after all, *A Room With a View* ends happily, and no one doubts the validity of that novel. Forster explained his position clearly: "A happy ending was imperative. I shouldn't have bothered to write otherwise. I was determined that in fiction anyway two men should fall in love and remain in it for the ever and ever that fiction allows . . . if it ended unhappily, with a lad dangling from a noose or with a suicide pact, all would be well." As Forster recognized, homosexuality was permissible in fiction through the 1960's only if the work ended unhappily (consider the first version of *The City and the Pillar*). Forster's novel is revolutionary because it dares to imagine that Alec and Maurice defy society's convention and get away with it. The relationship must succeed, because love must succeed, because love must finally be stronger than social convention. There must be a place where lovers can meet, but it must be a place they make for themselves, a warm place: "He snuggled close, more awake than he pretended, warm, sinewy, happy. Happiness overwhelmed Maurice too. He moved, felt the answering grip, and forgot what he wanted to say. Light drifted in upon them from the outside world where it was still raining. A strange hotel, a casual refuge protected them from their enemies a little longer." Alec and Maurice will not wait for "the life to come." They want their love here and now. It is that, of course, that the critics will not forgive E. M. Forster.

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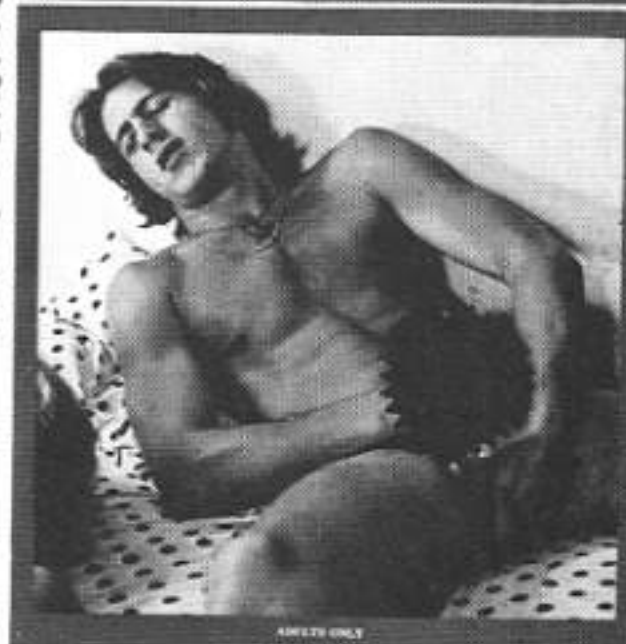
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DAVE KOPAY

(continued from page 29)

— an ambition he claims his admission of homosexuality thwarted — was still a possibility. After all, one of the strongest feelings you've gotten from him is that he would probably be perfectly marvelous working with young people, manifesting, as he does, such a fine combination of compassion and discipline. But, "I don't really know, right now," he answers, a learned interviewee technique of the non-answer he rarely uses. And yet . . .

Another long, thoughtful pause, and he continues: "I think tryin' to get back into coaching football in a way has put me in this unique spot of being my own national spokesman, y'know? Because of the whole extreme repression in the game, the extreme bigotry, the extreme hostility. In order to combat that invisible wall, I think I always knew that I had to do the book, that I had to give someone a sort of understanding by tryin' to get my feelings down, so that they would have a kind of educational process. Anyhow, it seems like it's been workin' that way.

"But right now there seems to be so many things that are happening, with the book, with the Mental Health people. I think there's a very good possibility there's going to be a 2-hr. television movie made, a feature movie of the book. I'm talkin' to people . . . Would he possibly play the role himself? "Well, I'd like to try. Sometimes I plug into feelings I've been thru just by talking, and I think I sure as hell could do it by actin'! Both the good and the bad — or perhaps 'the happy and the sad' is the better way to put it. But yeah, I'd love to try! And I told the people that, too. I says 'Look, if we ever get down to signing a contract, I would at least like to have a screen test.' He chuckles modestly at first, but when you observe that he surely does look the part, the laugh is long and real.

Afterwards, you wonder about that laugh as you recall the jewelry-free hands, the studied walk and macho gaze, and you are swept by a wave of regret: could it be the role is now playing the actor, the piano writing the concerto? And, because you have fallen perhaps a little bit in love, your instinct is to warn: "Be careful, David Kopay: take care. There are hazards outside the stadium undreamt of in your naivete."

ON THE TOWN

(continued from page 13)

police.

The Monster, on Fire Island, has opened a spot in Key West. It's an indoor-outdoor club, among tropical foliage and one can meet some great actors and writers here.

Tennessee Williams, in Miami for the opening of "The Rose Tattoo," told me how much he enjoys reading *IN TOUCH*. He makes his home in Key West, just a few blocks from the Atlantic. He works on many of his plays there.

Back in Miami Beach at the Theater of Performing Arts everything's set for the opening of "A Chorus Line," April 19-May 14. Flowers played in March and coming are Morgana King, Barbara Cook, Charles Pierce and Alexis Smith.

As summer comes the hunks will return from college and Miami will be alive with action. Hot days, hot nights and hot bodies.

The Windward Resort Motel, right on the Atlantic, has switched to big name entertainers and is one motel that's always booked.

—John Saunders

atlanta

The 1st springlike days brought signs that something besides straights and hustlers will be blooming in Piedmont Park this summer. Everyone comes together May 14-22

for the annual Arts Festival, where some of God's loveliest creations gather to look at some of Man's.

For indoor action, the disco crowd has shifted back to Encore (last year's Back Street) and the Together disco downstairs. Mendel's Den, the penthouse of the tri-level facility, offers Nell Cofer's family-style dinners and entertainment nightly, including a "new talent" showcase Tuesdays.

Chez Cabaret is the new name of the show bar that was most recently known as R.J.'s and Club Atlanta, with an overflow mob Mondays, has added a 2nd "dollar nite" — Wednesday — weekly.

Anita Bryant rattled a few refrigerators — if not closets — doors with her anti-gay crusade in Miami. Le Cove was the first to jump off her brandwagon here, advertising "No Florida citrus juices served."

Ralph Bakshi, who lifted animation from Disney to street-wise media mix in *Fritz The Cat* and *Heavy Traffic*, has turned to fantasy in *Wizards*. I asked if he worried about people taking the word "fairies" as a double-entendre in the film. "I cringe every time I hear it," he said, "but so far there hasn't been a snicker from the preview audiences." His next project is the ultimate animated fantasy — a 3-part adaptation of Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*.

Alliance Theatre did the first production of "Come Back to the 5 and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean," a new play by Ed Graczyk.

(continued on page 88)



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ON THE TOWN (continued from page 86)

Set at the reunion of the "Disciples of James Dean" on the 20th anniversary of his death, it's a harsh and funny look at small town fantasies and prejudices, triggered by the "school queer" who comes back as a woman after surgery. With doctoring, it can be one of the most significant plays of the decade.

"Guest star" Fannie Flagg, who got most of the laffs but was outacted by Atlanta's Dana Ivey and Pamela Burrell (as the transsexual), says she has no plans to go back into the "first lady business" (Could anyone forget her hilarious Lady Bird imitation?), even tho Rosalyn Carter is a Southerner. Flagg claims to be one of the 1st people Rex Reed ever interviewed. As she tells it, she was doing a revue in a N.Y. club when word came back that a reporter in the audience wanted to talk with someone from the cast. No one else was willing; but when she heard he was a Southern boy, she took pity on him. They're still friends, she says — at least until he reads this.

The Alliance season ends with "Henry IV, Part I" and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Academy Theatre closes "Marat/Sade" June 4, and will be in a new spot when

they reopen in the fall. Onstage Atlanta's spring musical, "Carnival," directed by Eric DuBois, plays thru May 22.

The Metropolitan Opera Co. moves into the Civic Center May 2-7 with 7 productions, including the new "Le Prophete" and "Le Boheme." Yours truly will be carrying a spear, as usual.

The Atlanta Symphony season ends on a high note with Robert Shaw conducting orchestra and chorus in Verdi's "Requiem," May 19-21.

The dogwoods are just passing their peak, but we'll save you a few if you'll come see us, y'hear?

—Steve Warren

new orleans

When the Divine Miss M told her SRO New Orleans audience a couple seasons ago, "You're as tacky a crowd as this tacky Municipal Auditorium, and, my deahs, as tacky as MY Madison Square Garden devotees," she hit the

nail on the head. Put chrome stools and carpet on the floor of a gay bistro here, and you'd lose your ass on the investment. Decadence remains New Orleans facial lines — and its attraction to straights and gays. *Walk On The Wild Side* and movie and TV senarios sustain the image, and the local citoyens perpetuate the reality.

Lounging on a chaise recently at The Windward in North Miami Beach with owner Mel Black and a visiting Houston travel agent, the latter and I reacted to Mel's suggestion of opening a "gay resort" in or near New Orleans. "Don't waste your time at the drawing board," we said. "New Orleans is too open, too relaxed . . . it doesn't need it, and won't buy it!" Gay? So what? So long as a hotel guest keeps his room noise down and drags in the scoutmaster at 3 a.m. and not the troop, the house dicks aren't even visible. Being a "convention city" (conventions being our second major source of income — the port being No. 1), rates are high. The uninhibited, successful visitor usually can move in with his trick for the remainder of his stay, and return to "stay with friends" afterwards.

Most weekends here seem to host

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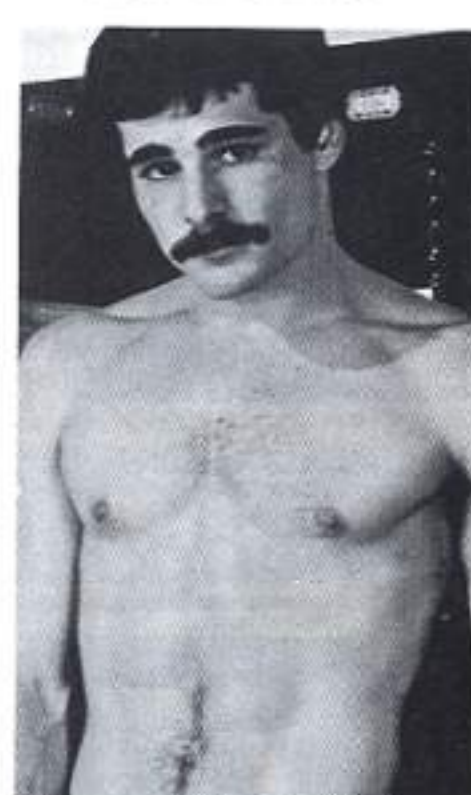
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"half of Houston"; and, Houston, in turn, is hosting "half of New Orleans" simultaneously. Locals wanting to "get away from familiar faces" go to Pensacola or Mobile, if they're driving; or on to Fort Lauderdale if they've the bread to fly.

Few of us, though, take the trouble to "get away." Sooner or later, we see, meet, lay and get laid by "the beauties" from Dallas, Memphis, Fort Lauderdale, Houston, San Francisco, Manhattan, Chicago, etc. And, we're likely to spot our "target" for the night window shopping on Royal Street afternoons, or browsing the Flea Market at the French Market on weekends. Later, we're apt to spot him with his fellow travellers dining at Marti's, and our eyes lock finally for after-dinner drinks at Travis's. The ice gets broken — always — at Parade, the fantastic disco above The Bourbon Pub at St. Ann and Bourbon Streets, the gay crossroads. "Want to dance?" is sufficient, for the laser beams, the bubble machine spheres catching the chase lights, and the strobes hypnotize even the jaded native into dancing. We used to gripe about the 22-minute tapes, but

find they help sustain that abstract intimacy on the dance floor long enough for strangers to leave it holding hands.

When The Caverns, with its labyrinth hallways, under-age hustlers, drag bar "men", black light, and wonderful air-conditioning was gutted to make way for The Bourbon Pub, we knew we'd miss the semi-dangerous dive, but The Pub's stained glass overhead light diffusers, the pecky cyprus paneling, and the other rustic, but new artifacts seemed to mark a step away from the tacky decadence of the past. Then, a year ago, when Parade opened, with its brilliant wall murals of a Mardi Gras parade, its nostalgic wicker-furnished game and relaxation rooms, its crowded, free-standing bar and beautiful young bartenders, the sense of change seemed indelible. It wasn't. During the year The Pub was flourishing with wall-to-wall denimclad and ever-horney crowds, the old perennial, Cafe LaFitte, down the street, almost died. Even "the leather boys" couldn't populate it enough to take the time to walk down the block. But, Parade changed the clientel downstairs at The Pub, and its

regulars either went upstairs where the crowd was young and action centered on the dancefloor, or they fled back "home," to Cafe LaFitte, which remains, currently, our most "serious cruising bar."

A lover seeing his other half at LaFitte's knows the guy is up to no good, while excuses about "wanting to dance" are usually acceptable at Parade. LaFitte's remains small, humid, overlit and "heavy." Everyone ends up there by 4 a.m., regardless!

Pete's — our other top "dancing bar" — received the shaft when Parade opened, and despite its expensive computerized-light dancefloor, a new sound system and the city's best DJ, has lost all but a few loyalists. Remodeled twice, adding "go-go" boys on the bar and a swing over its dancefloor, and attempting to discreetly "balance" its racial mix and discouraging the meaner hustlers from coming in, the competition of the shiny plexiglass, \$30,000 sound system and other draws of Parade and the renewed activity at LaFitte's have taken their toll. But, New Orleans' gays are fickle (and decadent), and Pete's will have its heyday eventually.

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Parade's \$50 membership fee doesn't seem to affect its popularity. You can get in for \$1 weeknights and \$3 weekends, though there's talk that on weekends it'll go to \$5. Since drinks are good (90 cents for most highballs) that's not unreasonable — though the whims of the local psyche could react negatively, and in significant numbers. We hope not, 'cause the Parade populous is just right, with few women.

You can quickly walk one, two or three blocks from one gay spot to another here, so one doesn't notice this winter's been a bitch. None of the nightspots have checkrooms for coats. Those outside the French Quarter have supper at The Fatted Calf, dash to Parade, drink, dance and build up within a couple hours any sense of what the Celsius is. As all busy places, bars and discos here are hot and humid, anyway — and we're hotblooded besides.

Several hotels and motels are just a few blocks from the action. And late breakfast (or early brunch) at Lucky Pierre's patio cafe is but two doors on Bourbon Street from Pete's and The Bourbon Pub. Inexpensive dining at The Fatted Calf, on St. Peter Street (between Bourbon and Royal) is only three blocks away.

—Etienne Somme

san francisco

It was a slightly seedy (but funky) Filipino family restaurant; now it's a glitter-seedy, very funky nitery with some of the best rock 'n' roll music in the city. It's the Mabuhay Gardens down on Broadway, S.F.'s answer to the Big Apple's CBGB's and one of the city's underground "in" spots. Manager Jerry Paulsen, along with his brash, artsy new magazine devoted to local entertainment, *Psyclone* (pick it up, it's free), is offering late nite concerts called "Nights on Broadway."

The accent is on punk rock, the craze that's standing music biz on its ear and which at times makes Patti Smith (tho she's often considered its doyenne) look like she's dragging dead horses, and local bands like Leila T. & The Snakes, Cornell Hurd & His Mondo Hot Pants Orchestra, The Dictators, and The Nuns have become the chic draws around. Paulsen's coup was The Ramones,

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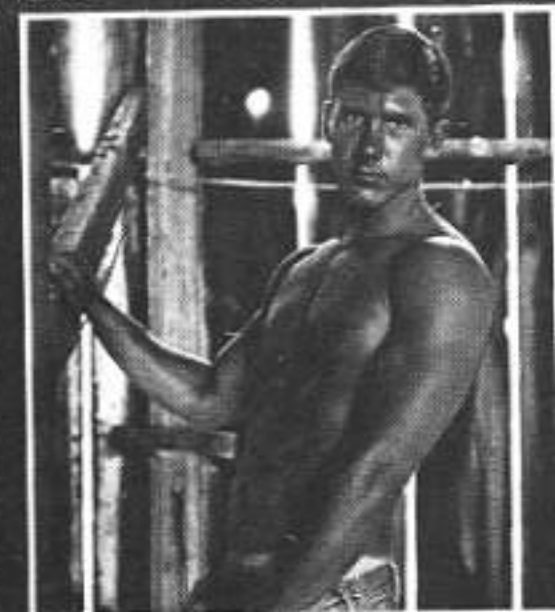
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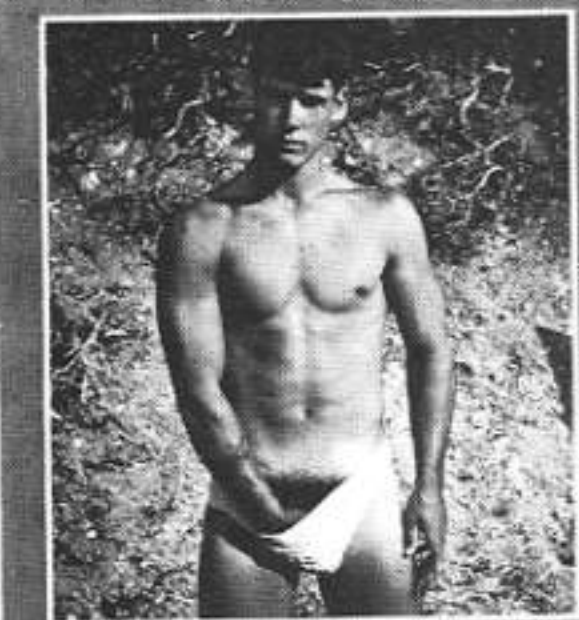
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whom you've read of in *Playgirl*, *The Advocate* or *The New York Times*, in a show that had people literally sitting on each other's shoulders and calling for so many encores that cops had to be called in to close down the club by 2 a.m. Dress was very leather jacket & keys, and celebs were there (including The Tubes and Jefferson Starship) hearing The Ramones punk out with some of their nastiest tunes like "Beat the Brat with a Baseball Bat" or their paean to S&M hustling, "Fifty Third & Third."

Arm-wrestling, film crews, lots of mucho macho beautiful men everywhere — and I don't mean the after-concert party for The Ramones (tho they were there too). It was the 1st anniversary party for The Bolt on Folsom St., which is one of a kind.

It was also anniversary time for Tom Sanford, entering his 2nd year of presenting great shows at The City (Montgomery & Broadway). For the event it was champagne, canapes and Jane Olivor, who's one of Sanford's biggest draws and whose overwhelming popularity remains, unfortunately, a mystery to me.

Back to rock 'n' roll: Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers, a group from Gainesville, Fla., were recently reviewed by critic Lester Bangs in *Creem*, who called Petty "just another pretty face" and accused ABC Records of just assembling 5 good-looking boys, without much talent, to sell records and tickets. After catching their dynamic act at the Keystone in Berkeley, I can only say that Petty is much more than just a pretty face, and The Heartbreakers is a group to watch for.

I'm not sure it could have happened only in S.F., but it's a first, anyway. Randy Shilts, feature writer for *The Advocate*, has joined KQED's "Newsroom" as a reporter covering gay news. Shilts is on-the-air here Tuesday eves at 7:30.

The Mocambo on Polkstrauss seems to be doing well and that's good news. Check out the Showcase each Monday nite, where you'll hear tomorrow's headliners (no cover, no min.).

OTHER NEWS: Southern Exposure, an art gallery tucked away in the warehouse dist. (401 Alabama St.), just put on a weirdly amusing show, "The Patricia Hearst Exhibition," featuring Patty's communion dress, her grade-school test results, her bed, and the remains of the front porch the SLA were roasted in, complete with charred torso

protruding from under it. Like letting you walk through the pages of *National Lampoon* . . . Sultry Faye Carroll and her trio provide dinner music every Mon. nite at Caracole, the elegant eatery at Noe & Market . . . Agatha Christie's "The Mousetrap," which has played London continuously for years, is tantalizing audiences at the Alcazar Theatre . . . "Knock Knock," Jules Feiffer's outrageously witty comedy, and Moliere's timeless mockery of social pretension, "The Bourgeois Gentleman," are now in repertory at A.C.T.

—Bob Kiggins

philadelphia

Where all the Philadelphia gays come from is a mystery. The city of brotherly love is living up to its reputation. The bars are overflowing and there's no sign of let-up.

One of the hotspots is the Allegro on Spruce St. The bar is always packed. The 1st floor's large oval bar offers lots of cruising room and on the same floor, in the rear, is a game room. There's also a smaller bar on the 2nd floor, but the real draw is on the 3rd floor's disco. This is the place, if you like crowds. Cruisy too, but the decibels are best taken in small doses and you might have to decelerate downstairs.

Private clubs are also booming in Penn's greene Country Towne, because bars close at 2 and who wants to stop then? One of the hot spots is the huge DCA, which bills itself as "Philly's largest and most unique disco." A must for the visitor but you need a friend with a membership.

Other bars include the Downstairs Disco, and the Cell Block. The Downstairs features the "ultimate" in light and sound and some of the largest dancing crowds in town. And the Cell Block is leather-and-denim.

There are also three baths in town including Club Philadelphia. Friendly, cruisy and comfortable. As with all CBC's, it's carpeted where you least expect it. But Club Philadelphia has an ambience which makes newcomers feel warm and secure and there are lots of nooks and crannies to snuggle-up in.

—Joseph R. DeMarco

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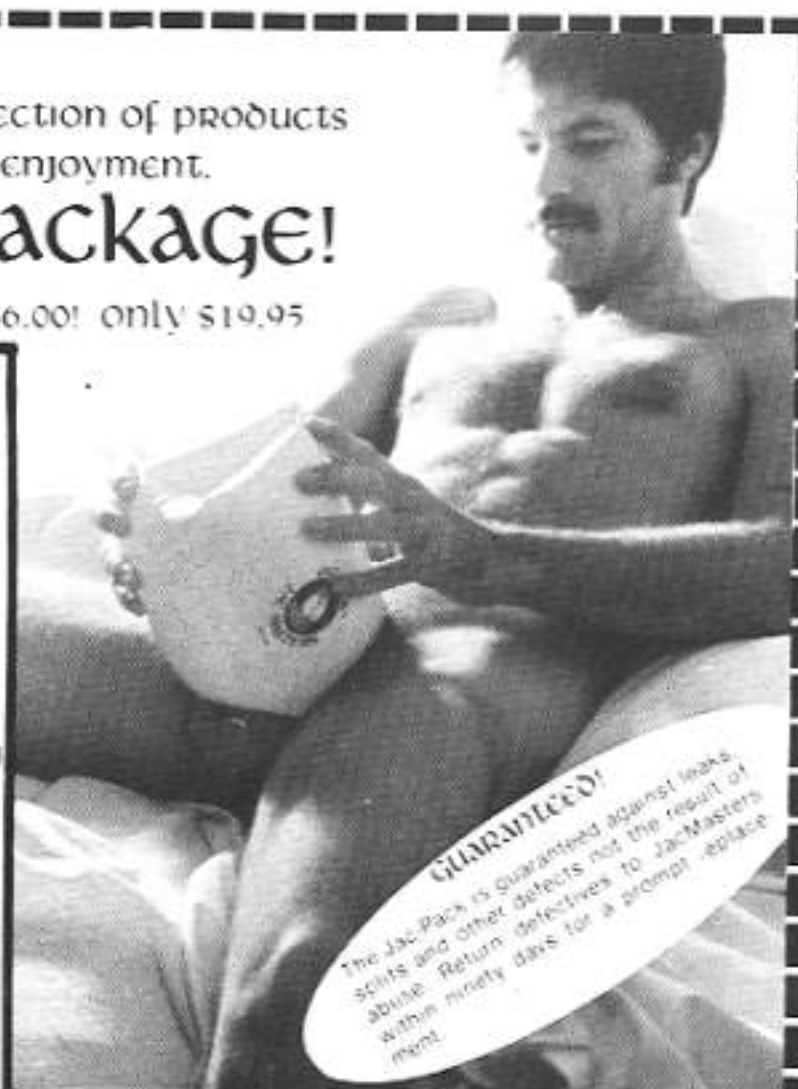
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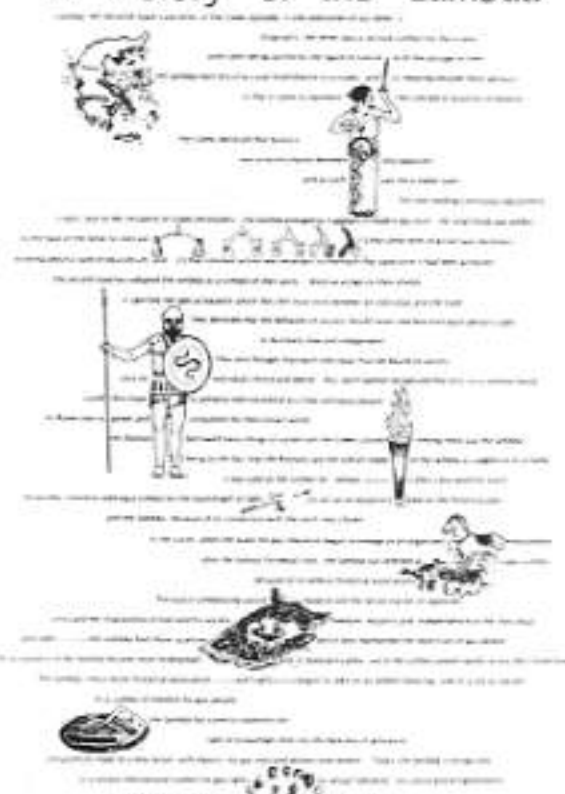
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them to. This device creates sensations similar to those received during sexual intercourse and causes the male to ejaculate, for the collection of semen for artificial insemination purposes. THE PULSATING "MALE" THING is washable with soap and water and is equipped with an extra semen collection sleeve and attractive plastic pouch.

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#S26 DELUXE SIZE-O-METER \$39.95

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"PUMPIT" with MINI VIBRATOR. These unusually highly desirable "PUMPITS" are sure to go fast, so get your order in now as our supply is limited!

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LETTERS

(continued from page 69)

Fred Diamond
Haslett, MI.

Individual pics of Rivers aren't available, but you can get a much more eye-opening view of him in our new special edition, *Too Hot 2*, advertised in this issue.

Disney's Secret?

Your Issue 27's Mickey Mouse — Greg Lane — may well be the answer to the long line at Disney movies. I'm glad he didn't cover his beautiful "Mouse Ears."

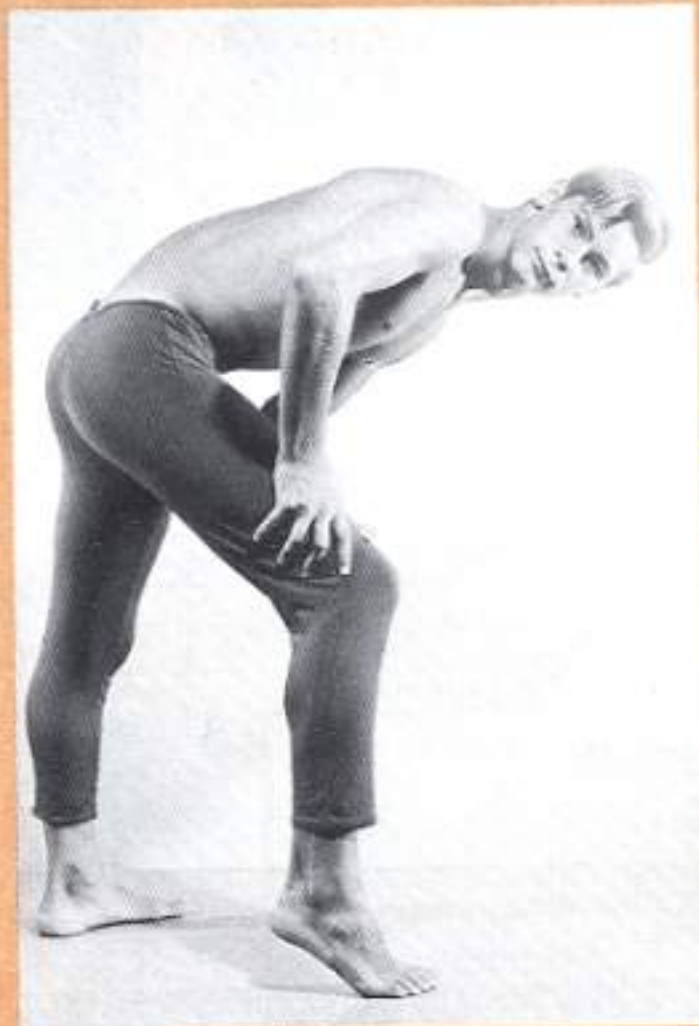
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Subscribers' Comments

I have just received my first subscription issue of *IN TOUCH* (No. 26), and would like to offer a few comments. My introduction to *IN TOUCH* was when I found issue No. 25 on the magazine rack of a 7 'til 11 food store here in North Carolina, of all places. I was sufficiently impressed to subscribe immediately. Issue 26 has not made me regret that decision.

The models you employ in the regular magazine and in the special editions are uniformly attractive (with one or two minor exceptions). I have spent some time in the Far East, and it left me with an undying admiration for Oriental guys. Surely you could round up some Oriental models suitable for inclusion in your great magazine?

It was especially gratifying to learn that my favorite novel, *The Front Runner*, is to become a movie. I read it a little more than a year ago, and it hit me like a ton of bricks. In fact, it was instrumental in starting me on the road toward gay pride. I wrote a letter to Ms. Warren expressing my admiration for the book, and she wrote me a beautiful letter in return. Jan-Michael Vincent would be perfect for the part of Billy Sive. I thoroughly agree with reader Behymer (of Massachusetts) that Clyde Wallace is a magnificent hunk; but the fresh, lofty innocence of Vincent says "Billy Sive" much better than the worldly maturity of Wallace. At least for me.

Unfortunately, those of us in the military defending the freedom of our country are not yet free to be ourselves; so it is with regret that I must ask you to allow me to remain completely anonymous if you publish this letter.

1974

FEBRUARY

Rick Herold, Grand Funk
Fashion

JUNE

Rick Gates, California Casual
Fashion, Coming Out On Broadway

SEPTEMBER

Alice Faye, Earl
Wilson Jr., Nick Nolte, San
Francisco Fashion

OCTOBER

Marc Singer, Terrence McNally,
Underwear, Marlboro Country

NOVEMBER

Beau Bridges, Dakota, Skiing,
Off-Off-Broadway

1975

DEC./JAN.

John Calvin, Yucatan

JUNE/JULY

Glenda Jackson, Polk

Street, Natchez, Grant Tracy
Saxon, New Orleans

AUG./SEPT.

Shirley MacLaine, Robert Morse,
LaBelle, Jim
Cassidy, Pat Rocco, Ed Fury,
Fire Island

OCT./NOV.

Tab Hunter, Paris, Columbia,
Ann-Margaret, Michael Greer

1976

DEC./JAN.

Elton John, Anne Baxter, Joseph
Bottoms, Elizabeth Taylor, Chicago,
Clyde Dayton Wallace, Art of Harry
Bush, Tom DeSimone

MAR./APR.

Barbra Streisand, Melba Moore,
Shirley Bassey, Bruce Davison, Tom
O'Horgan, New York

MAY/JUNE

Tennessee Williams, Sal Mineo,
Martin Sheen, Cocteau's Sailors,
London, Atlanta, Gotham

JULY/AUG.

Christopher Isherwood, Russ Tamblyn,
Wakefield Poole, Haiti, San Francisco,
Patricia Nell Warren's "Front Runner",
Tattoos, Making It In La Jolla

SEPT./OCT.

Warren Beatty, Bette Midler, Peter
Berlin, Los Angeles, Harry Bush's
IN TOUCH Sketchbook, "The Outlaw"

NOV./DEC.

Robert Redford, Jan-Michael Vincent,
Lucille Ball, Australia, Boston,
Walt Whitman, Men Together

1977

JAN./FEB.

California Men, William S. Burroughs,
Pittsburgh, Miami, Marilyn Monroe,
Jeff Bridges, J. Brian's Blue World,
Melville & Moby Dick, Buns

MAR./APR.

David Bowie, Phoenix, Canada, Jack
Wrangler, Gymnasts Together, James
Leo Herlihy

IN TOUCH

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